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MR. GLADSTONE AT BIRMINGHAM.

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech at Birmingham was not the most eloquent which he has delivered on the Turkish question; and in some respects it was the most violent and most uncompromising. In the latter part of his address he recurred to the denunciation of the Turkish nation and the Mahometan religion which excited the enthusiasm of his followers and the surprise of dispassionate politicians when he first expressed similar opinions or feelings in his earliest pamphlet on the Eastern question. The objection to his language is not that his statements are necessarily untrue, but that the only practical conclusions to which they lead are untenable and mischievous. Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, whose late comments on the present crisis were quoted by Mr. GLADSTONE, adopts a different and opposite tone. He says that he has not materially changed the opinions which are expressed in the substance of his communication, which was written in 1863. "Should any aggression," Lord STRATFORD then said, "be made on the territories or national independence of Turkey, we could not in honour reject the appeal which would doubtless be made to our good faith, even if it were to involve us in hostilities with an aggressive Power or an aggressive coalition." As a precaution against such a danger, Lord STRATFORD urged on the Government the duty of counteracting as far as possible the causes of Turkish decay. At present Lord STRATFORD would not be extreme in visiting on Turkey the entire responsibility for these lapses in good faith and discretion, especially when I look in vain for signs of any serious endeavour on the part of Europe to check the course of Turkish impolicy and neglect of the Porte's obligations during its fatal progress under the sway of "Sultan ABDUL-AZIZ." During the greater part of that reign Mr. GLADSTONE was a principal member of the English Government; during five years of the time he was Prime Minister. He may perhaps be justified in adopting in Opposition a policy directly opposite to that for which he was responsible in office; but a tardy convert might be more tolerant of heresies which he has but recently abjured.

Mr. GLADSTONE has apparently no policy to propose except a joint coercion of Turkey, which has ceased to be practicable since the commencement of the Russian invasion. When forcible measures would still have been possible if the concert of the neutral Powers could have been obtained, Mr. GLADSTONE never formally and directly proposed active interference. Even now he is so far restrained by the scruples and responsibilities of a statesman that he gives no open sanction to the reckless violence of the demagogues whom he condescends to lead. The Rev. Mr. DALE, hitherto principally known by his antipathy to the Church Establishment, epigrammatically announced that he was for peace at any price, even at the price of war. The insincerity of professed philanthropists has seldom been confessed with equally cynical candour; but, on the other hand, some credit is due to politicians who accept the logical consequence of their doctrines. The present Ministers are, as Mr. DALE sarcastically observed, not members of the Peace Society; but they are supported by the vast majority of the House of Commons in their refusal to engage in a wanton and unjust war. Mr. GLADSTONE and the party with which he has now associated himself openly profess to appeal from Parliament to the people, and Mr. GLADSTONE himself suggests that the

decision would be most conveniently given as the result of a dissolution. If the proposal is seriously made, it may be replied that no precedent can be found of a dissolution conceded at the instance of political adversaries by a Government which, having an ordinary working majority, finds its numbers doubled in a division on the issue which would at a general election be submitted to the country. The main difference between constitutional and democratic principles consists in recognition of the supremacy of Parliament. Mr. GLADSTONE has often inclined to the system which found its fullest expression in the plebiscites which the late French EMPEROR employed to counteract the independent tendency of Parliamentary institutions. The multitude is for the moment on his side; but England is not yet governed by a miscellaneous show of hands.

Mr. DALE repudiated the obvious inference which has been drawn from Mr. GLADSTONE'S visit to Birmingham, that he has pledged himself to the subversive principles and the narrow exclusiveness of the local Liberal Association; but the fiction of abstaining from a formal and verbal alliance is too transparent to be worth maintaining. The promoters of the meeting publicly announced the connexion between Mr. GLADSTONE'S participation in the proceedings and the federal union of Clubs which are, if possible, to inflict on the hostile party throughout the country permanent political disabilities. Mr. GLADSTONE'S attention may perhaps be for the moment concentrated exclusively on the Eastern question; but his allies at Birmingham, while they share his antipathy to the Turkish system of government, are bent on turning the excitement caused by the fervour and the eloquence of their leader to domestic purposes. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN makes no secret of his political objects; nor can Mr. GLADSTONE persuade himself that his presence at Birmingham has no relation to movements which have nothing to do with the Bulgarians. The proposed federation of Liberal Clubs is an attempt to govern the country by the agency of a gigantic political union. In countenancing such an organization Mr. GLADSTONE necessarily places himself at its head. He may perhaps still persist in his intention of not resuming his former position in Parliament; but when he takes the chief part in a permanent popular agitation, he will seriously embarrass his successor on the front Opposition bench. If PEEL, after his retirement from office, had become the rival or successor of O'CONNELL, he would have anticipated the career which seems to be meditated by Mr. GLADSTONE. The essential doctrines of the enlarged Birmingham Association are not professed by Mr. GLADSTONE'S former colleagues. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in an essay published three or four years ago, urged on the new Liberal party the expediency of devoting their first efforts to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England. Changes in the representative system, in the laws which regulate the tenure of land, and in nearly all the institutions of the country, will follow in due order. The machinery of the proposed revolution is in itself highly objectionable. Government by a Club or association of a majority united in political opinion has long since been firmly established at Birmingham. The adverse party, though it probably possesses a large share of the property and intelligence of the community, is as far as possible systematically excluded from all local influence and municipal activity. The first principle of the federal compact to which Mr. GLADSTONE has

pledged himself is deliberate intolerance. Birmingham Liberals have not yet demanded the exclusion of Conservative evidence from courts of justice, but they allow the conquered sect no share in government or administration. With an extended suffrage exercised in equal electoral districts, the House of Commons would perhaps become a Committee of the federated Clubs. Those who are curious to understand the principle of the Birmingham Association may find in the February number of *Macmillan's Magazine* a lucid exposition of the entire system by the Rev. Mr. CROSSKEY, himself a leading member of the body. The Conservatives at Birmingham are reduced to the condition of the Catholics before 1829, and the apologist or eulogist of the Association betrays an amusing unconsciousness of the political bigotry of himself and his associates. A citizen of Birmingham who wishes to share in the administration of municipal affairs, or in the control of the funds to which he contributes, must make up his mind to approve of the disestablishment of the Church, of the uniformity of the franchise, of some undefined alteration of land tenure, and, as it would appear, of war with the Turks. Above all, though tests are supposed to have been long since abolished, the candidate for civic activity must believe that Mr. GLADSTONE ought to be Prime Minister, and that the Turks should be the objects of immediate war.

It remains to be seen whether, after taking the lead in a formidable agitation, Mr. GLADSTONE will still assume in the House of Commons the character of a private member. It is generally understood that, if he had pressed his Resolution to a division, Lord HARTINGTON would have resigned his position as leader of the Liberal party. He and his colleagues cannot but feel that, as long as Mr. GLADSTONE controls a large and active section of the party, the exercise of Lord HARTINGTON's legitimate authority must be extremely difficult. It is possible that the end of the Session may be rendered memorable by a disruption and coalition of parties.

THE WAR.

EVEN if it had been true that the Turks or their Kurd auxiliaries had retaken Ardahan, the Russian army would probably be strong enough to continue its advance on Erzeroum. The campaign in Asia and the preparations on the Danube seem to indicate a deliberate purpose to be accomplished by the employment of irresistible numbers. The Turks probably retain their ancient valour, although it is said that the Governor of Ardahan and his officers disgraced themselves by a precipitate surrender; but the great improvements in the art and practice of war which have been introduced within twenty or thirty years all tend to ensure more certainly than in former times the victory of the richer and stronger belligerent. Danger is closing round the Porte on every side. The fall of the Greek Ministry is the result of its supposed policy of peace, and the King is threatened with popular tumults if he fails to appoint a Cabinet of more warlike propensities. Although no cause of offence has been given by the Porte, there will be no difficulty in picking a quarrel. The Greek kingdom has neither an efficient army nor a formidable fleet; but it can promote insurrections in the neighbourhood of its Northern frontier, and it can perhaps cause a rising in Crete. The real motive for a possible attack on Turkey would be anxiety to share the distribution of territory which must ensue if the Turkish Empire is overthrown. The Greeks bear little good will to the Russians; but they are not disposed to waive their claim to Epirus, Thessaly, and Crete, or perhaps to Constantinople itself. Another supplementary attack is apprehended on the side of Servia. The ambiguous language of the Russian Government is consistent with secret agitation by the Slavonic Societies; and indigenous agitators are not backward in urging Prince MILAN to action. The Servians, like the Greeks, are anxious not to forfeit their claim to a share in the expected plunder. It is true that they were during the winter rescued from imminent danger by the peace which was granted on extremely liberal terms. They have since had neither injury nor offence to complain of; but where the carcass is expected to fall, birds of prey, small and large, gather together.

A Roumanian writer has published a plausible apology for the co-operation of his Government with the Russian

invader. He perhaps lays too much stress on the obstinate refusal of the Porte to concede independence to a nominally subject province. No change in forms and titles would either have delayed the Russian passage of the Pruth, or have materially affected the subsequent arrangements. The Russian Government would assuredly have disregarded as a fictitious contrivance a declaration of independence on the eve of a war. An ambitious Power meditating a neighbouring conquest will always claim a right of way over intervening territory which is not protected by a competent force. If the Turks had been careful to put the Roumanians technically in the wrong, they would perhaps not have treated the Convention with Russia as a hostile act; but in the course of a few weeks collision would have been unavoidable; and the towns and villages on the left bank of the river which were from time to time cannonaded are probably now occupied by Russian troops. Politically, as well as physically, the larger mass attracts to itself all neighbouring particles of matter. Greece, Servia, Roumania, and Montenegro all obey, or will soon obey, the impulse of Russia. It is not surprising that discontent and alarm produce popular commotions at Constantinople. The Parliament which is still sitting sometimes remonstrates against the maintenance in power of unworthy Palace favourites; but the SULTAN's brother-in-law and the MINISTER OF WAR have hitherto succeeded in defying general indignation. An incapable COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF is retreating through Asia Minor before the superior force of the enemy; and it is not known that any competent general directs the defensive operations on the Danube. A certain amount of energy has been shown in the despatch of Circassian volunteers to the North-Eastern shores of the Black Sea; but the best authorities hold that no movement in the Caucasus can threaten the Russian forces in Armenia with serious danger. The promised neutrality of Persia cannot be implicitly trusted by the Porte; but of all the expected allies of the Russian invader, the Persians would be the most inexcusable if they shared in the destruction of a Mahometan Empire.

The magnitude and completeness of the Russian armaments, and the vast scale of the impending operations, sufficiently confute the theory of minute critics who attribute the present war to casual diplomatic failures or mistakes. Nothing can be more improbable than that the Russian Government would have been diverted from its present course by any change which could have been introduced into a Memorandum, a Note, a Protocol, or a Declaration. The only sufficient impediment to a predetermined rupture would have been the opposition of one or more of the Great Powers to Russian aggression. The assurance of English neutrality was obtained by a rare union of adroitness with good fortune; and as Austria also was unprepared for active resistance, the army which began to assemble in the autumn was launched against Turkey on the first approach of spring. It may easily be believed that the Emperor ALEXANDER occasionally hesitated to engage in a perilous adventure. It was said on credible authority that he deeply resented the English agitation which removed the last obstacle to the completion of his enterprise. During the fifty years which have elapsed since the conclusion of the Treaty of Adrianople there has not been a period of five years during which Russia would have hesitated to invade Turkey if the neutrality of Europe could have been, as now, secured. The Emperor NICHOLAS tried the experiment prematurely, with the result of ascertaining at a heavy cost the conditions of success which are now for the first time satisfied. The incessant intrigues which have occupied the intervening time have furnished the Turkish Government with its only shadow of excuse for the continuance of provincial misgovernment. The SULTAN's successive Ministers have always known that their only safeguard against Russia lay in the prudent jealousy of Europe. No possible reform would have protected them against their ambitious neighbour, except through its tendency to conciliate the good will of England. Unfortunately they did the work of the enemy by alienating the confidence of their natural ally and protector.

A political fanatic who concentrated his energies on one side of the Eastern question has died at the moment when the Turkish Empire is perhaps verging on its agony of dissolution. Mr. URECHART had for fifty years denounced Russian designs with an extravagance which injured his cause by making it ridiculous. His only

remarkable gift was a facility in learning languages, which he mistook for a capacity of acquiring accurate knowledge. Because he had the rare accomplishment of understanding Turkish, he fancied that he correctly appreciated the Turkish character. He could not properly be called a charlatan, because he was not intentionally an impostor. He was sincere, as far as honesty is compatible with persistent self-deception founded on extreme personal vanity; and, although he was utterly devoid of the faculty of reasoning, the central conviction from which he never deviated was substantially true. The proposition that Russia was the most formidable enemy of justice and civilization branched out in Mr. URQUHART'S morbid imagination into the most whimsical corollaries. His secondary doctrine was that Lord PALMERSTON was the paid agent of Russia, one service which he performed for his employer being the losses deliberately inflicted on England in the Crimean War. The mental unsoundness which is the indispensable qualification of a false prophet enabled Mr. URQUHART to form and direct a faithful little sect of like-minded disciples. His followers established clubs in two or three large towns, under the name of Foreign Affairs Committees, which from time to time published expositions of the perfidy of Russia and the treason of PALMERSTON. In one Parliament Mr. URQUHART obtained seats for himself and for Mr. ANSTAY, who was then his principal follower. After a session or two of worry Lord PALMERSTON judiciously bought off one of his assailants by an official appointment; and Mr. URQUHART, who was incorruptible, soon lost his seat in the House of Commons. The fragments of his sect lately existed, but any remnant which may survive will probably now disperse. Those among them who may still remain faithful to their eccentric teacher may now fairly quote the warnings which he addressed in vain to an incredulous generation. His fantastic belief in the superior wisdom and goodness of Oriental and Mahometan races was peculiar to himself and his credulous devotees; but no exaggeration could falsify his habitual assertion that the aggressive and perfidious policy of Russia was never intermitted. CASANDREA was not altogether in her right mind, but her ravings contained an admixture of truth.

THE SCOTCH CHURCHES.

THE two Scotch Churches hold their Assemblies at this time of year, and there is always much to interest the outside world in their proceedings. Both institutions appear to be flourishing, pushing forward their boundaries, and exulting in their own zeal. Both have their difficulties, however; and they are difficulties which even Scotch fervour and the extreme liberality with which the Scotch support every ecclesiastical arrangement which takes their fancy or enlists their sympathies do not suffice to surmount. In meetings of the Established Church there has been, for instance, an instructive discussion as to the supply of ministers. It appears that the supply of youthful shepherds is scarcely equal to the demands which, if not the flocks, yet those who wish the flocks well, perceive to exist. It was proposed that an attempt should be made to remedy the want by devoting new funds to the support of students for the ministry. But this was loudly denounced as a mere means of bribing young men to take up a line of life for which they had no vocation, and the adoption of which they would hereafter bitterly regret. Nor was it considered at all certain that the bribe would be effectual. The young Scotchman to whom it was offered would, it was suggested, make a calculation with the traditional shrewdness of his country, and would be only too likely to prove to himself that, on the whole, the line proposed to him would not pay. It is true that he would get for a short period of his life the modest lodging and moderate sustenance which enable young Scotchmen to pursue their studies; but when that period was over he would have nothing before him but a hundred a year and a humble position in the world. To study divinity, even if the study cost him nothing, would seem to him a very unremunerative investment. It was therefore urged that the true way was to begin at the other end, and to make the life of the minister more easy and more attractive. Unfortunately, it seems to be allowed to be too bright a dream that the stipends of the ministers can be much increased. The heritors on whom the legal duty of supporting the established clergy lies are not at all inclined to go beyond their legal

duties. In fact, the heritors are in many cases stumbling-blocks and rocks of offence in the paths of ministers, and even assert hereditary claims which distress and vex their pastors. One minister brought to the notice of the Assembly his own sad case, and invited the sympathy which a clerical audience was sure to bestow, when he informed his hearers that his heritors claimed to own a great part of the body of his church and let out the pews for their own benefit, so that he, as it were, cheated himself, and the better he preached the less it cost to keep him. If the life of the minister is not to be made more easy, is there much hope of its being made more attractive? By being made more attractive is meant, in simple language, being made more fashionable. If only the minister while he starved could be sure of being considered a starving gentleman, he might think that poverty had its roses as well as its thorns. But the most experienced members of the Assembly acknowledge with a sigh that there is not much chance of this. The Scotch minister has not, as such, any place in society whatever. His heritors, even in their kindest mood, merely patronize him, and, as a member of the Assembly remarked, the richer members of the establishment, although they will freely give their money to the Church, positively decline to give their sons to it. Religious zeal in Scotland can do many things, but it cannot induce gentlemen to let their sons be ministers.

But neither poverty nor the want of social position is the chief barrier to the supply of Scotch ministers. There is another cause which cannot fail to operate. A young man, unless the solid and unwavering experience of years has assured him that under no circumstances will he ever be tempted to use his mind, may naturally tremble at the thought that he may one day be brought to the bar of the General Assembly. Dr. SMITH, well known as a Biblical scholar of very moderate opinions, has been going through this ordeal this week. He has lately written two articles in an Encyclopædia which have excited suspicion. It was not quite clear that he was really and unimpeachably sound on the age of the Book of Deuteronomy, or on the nature of angels, or on the authorship of one of the Psalms. It was also not quite clear that he was unsound. His language in the articles in question was such as to leave his Free Church readers in a state of discomfort. If they could not scent the rose of heresy in his works, they could scent a person who had been the rose's neighbour. Accordingly, after the fashion of the Scotch Churches, the Presbytery brought to bear on him the awful artillery of skilful questions:—What did he think about this, and what did he think about that? The Free Church of course has not at its disposal all the machinery which the Established Church has at its command. A case was brought to the notice of the Assembly of the Established Church in which, when it was discovered that a witness who was being "tortured" with questions by a Presbytery declined to answer them, it was proposed to call in the Sheriff to make him open his lips. The censures and proceedings of the Free Church are purely spiritual, and it was open to Dr. SMITH to answer or not as he pleased. He took a middle course, which was quite in harmony with the dictates of worldly prudence, but which was in its way vexatious. He answered the questions in the shortest possible way, and in one instance answered a subtle question several lines long by the simple monosyllable "No." What the Free Church Assembly was asked to sanction, and what it did sanction, was that new questions, framed with greater ingenuity, should be administered to Dr. SMITH; and this time it may be expected that he will have his latent heresy wrung out of him, if there is any latent heresy to be wrung out. There was also a further question which was discussed by the Assembly with the greatest warmth, and at a length which even a Scotch Assembly seems to have considered rather alarming. Dr. SMITH suggested that if it was thought that he had been guilty of heresy, a distinct charge of heresy should be made against him, the effect of which would be that as soon as the libel was found to be relevant—that is, worth considering—he would be suspended from teaching his classes. But this did not suit the views of the majority of the Assembly. It was not of heresy that they were complaining, but of a faint and delicate flavour of heresy. The perception of this flavour was to their keen senses a present and immediate fact. They could not wait, for there was nothing to wait for. The only question in their minds was whether they did or did not

feel a sort of pungency in the ecclesiastical air when they came across Dr. SMITH and his literary productions. There could be no mistake about it. They had the sensation they described, and so they decided that Dr. SMITH should be suspended from teaching without further delay.

We do not see that the General Assembly was in any way to blame. They thought that they were doing something which it was very right, necessary, and wise to do. They were keeping their Church clear, not only from a taint, but from the taint of being suspected of having a taint. The machinery of asking a minister any question which any of the pillars of the Church think most calculated to make him say exactly what he thinks about anything as to which there is any doubt what his opinions are is the machinery which the constitution of their Church provides. A man may choose whether he will be a Free Church minister or not; but, if he accepts the position, he knows, or ought to know, what it involves. As a mode of extirpating heresy in its faintest and most feeble beginnings, it seems to be a very efficacious and lively piece of machinery. It must tend to discourage men from writing on theological subjects at all, and then, if they do not write anything, they cannot write heresy. From the point of view of the Free Church this is quite right. And it is very unjust to condemn an institution for not being what it has never pretended to be. There is no sense in saying that it is illiberal, for the Free Church does not pretend to be liberal; or that it is a despotic, harsh, and arbitrary way of treating a minister, for this is the way in which, by its constitution, the Free Church has to treat its ministers. All that can be said is that this relation between the Church and its ministers constitutes what may be supposed to be a powerful reason for the opinion apparently prevailing among young Scotchmen that the life of a Scotch minister is not an easy or attractive one. If a young man says that he does not want an easy or attractive life, that in all probability he will never write anything, and that, if he does, he will not mind how many questions are asked him, he may adopt the useful and honourable calling of a Free Church minister with a light and cheerful heart, and may hope to contribute something to the furthering of the good work which the Free Church carries on with so much ardour and success.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

THE Cabinet of Mr. HAYES has at last made up its mind that the raids of Mexicans into Texas shall be stopped, and has intimated to the *de facto* Mexican Government that after a certain date the commanders of the American troops will cross the frontier stream of the Rio Grande, pursue the marauders on to Mexican soil, and bring them back into the territory of the United States for punishment. This is only one phase of a dispute, or series of disputes, that has been going on for a long time. The border districts of Texas and of the Northern States of Mexico have been in the condition in which the border districts of England and Scotland were in old days. On both sides of the Rio Grande cattle-raising has been the pursuit, and cattle-lifting the recreation, of wild and lawless men. Texas has been always complaining of Mexico, and Mexico of Texas, and both had no doubt ample cause of complaint. But in this long-continued raid the balance of trade, so to speak, has been on the side of the Mexicans. They have carried off more cattle than they have lost. An immense volume of claims was made on either side, and, when the two Governments referred these claims to an arbitral Commission, it was pronounced that Mexico owed and must pay America a million sterling. Other claims than those arising out of cattle raids entered into the account; but cattle-lifting was the chief ground of claim, and the transactions must have been on a very imposing scale when a million sterling only represented the balance due from the side that had thieved to the greatest profit. The United States Government very naturally and properly wishes to stop such a state of things; but it is difficult to say how it is to be stopped if the Mexicans who make expeditions are not to be followed over the river. The frontier is so enormously long, and the posts of the American troops are so few and far between, that it is impossible that the Mexican robbers can be prevented from crossing into Texas or can be caught red-handed before they get back into their own happy

country. If the Texans are robbed, it is scarcely to be expected that they will not retaliate. Texas, no doubt, is a very lawless place; but still the American Government has done something to make things better there than they were, and it may gradually hope to do more. It probably by making examples would discourage the bold citizens of Texas from pursuing their favourite sport on the other side of the Rio Grande. At any rate it is ready to offer to do this. Texans shall not go into Mexico if Mexicans will not come into Texas; but the Mexicans must do their duty in return, and must stay religiously within their own boundaries.

The Mexican Government ought obviously to charge itself with the task of preventing its citizens from persisting in their depredations. But the Mexican Government has other and nearer things to think of. It has to exist, and that is no easy matter. The present Government is that of PORFIRIO DIAZ, which has now retained power for six months. For the moment there is no open opposition to it, and an election has been held which has constituted PORFIRIO DIAZ President in regular form. It is not by any means a bad Government in its way, and does its best to secure order, develop trade, and win confidence. In spite of its revolutions, Mexico is making indisputable progress. Its exports are increasing, and this shows that the enormous resources of its soil are being turned to better account. Business is better generally, and the reported discoveries of silver in the United States have not brought down the metal to a price which is likely to make the working of Mexican mines unremunerative. But the Government has great difficulties to contend with. The mass of the people would be very willing to see it continue; but it has a determined opponent to deal with in the ex-President LEEDO, who is at present in the United States, where he has many friends; and his claims to be restored to what he contends is his legal position are thought to be so strong, that the United States Government, in addressing the Government of PORFIRIO DIAZ on the subject of the Texas raids, has carefully guarded itself against the deduction that it was thus recognizing the Government it addressed. It will not pronounce between the rival Presidents. All it does is to invite the President who happens to be in possession to restrain persons whom he affects to govern from harrying the property of American citizens. But he cannot do this without having in his pay troops on whom he can rely. His Government has only too many troops at its disposal, but it cannot pay them without ruining the country, and it has undertaken that the sums expended on the army shall be reduced to a comparatively small amount. Nor would it feel perfectly easy in having a large body of troops stationed in the Northern States. The Rio Grande is more than a thousand miles from the capital, and a general in command of an army so far away might be tempted to set up for himself, or to listen to the overtures of the rival President. The Government of PORFIRIO DIAZ is no doubt very anxious to avoid giving any cause of offence to its powerful neighbour, and even in the time of its worst financial straits it found the means of paying the first instalment due on the amount awarded as an indemnity. It would be very glad to keep the citizens of the Northern provinces from plundering Texas, if only it could see the way to do so. But there is no apparent prospect of its being able to give effect to its good intentions; and, in face of this powerlessness of the Mexican Government, the American Cabinet has very justifiably decided to take the law into its own hands.

But it is evident that the Government of Mr. HAYES by no means relishes the task which it thus imposes on itself. It makes its demand with as little peremptoriness as possible. It shows nothing like a desire to prey upon or humiliate a weak neighbour. Nothing is to be done at present, and a considerable time must elapse before an American soldier will cross the Rio Grande. The Mexican Government is to have abundant opportunity to consider what it will do and what it can do. It is only when it has practically confessed that it can do nothing that the troops of the United States will be charged with their new duties. Even if an American commander does cross the Rio Grande, seize on a band of alleged offenders, and bring them for trial to the States, there will be no desire on the part of the American Government that this should be the beginning of a more serious invasion. To annex one or two of the Northern States of Mexico can be no kind of object to the Americans. They would merely get more land, when they have already

enough, and more restless people to tranquillize, when they have already too many. The annexation of Mexico generally would perhaps be profitable as a pecuniary speculation, but would be disastrous politically; and no American of any prominence is blind to the enormous danger of bringing within the pale of American suffrage some millions of Catholic Indians. Still Mexico is so near, it excites so much interest in the States, it occasionally gives so much trouble, and so very much might be made of it if order could be secured in it, that it is not surprising to find that some Americans have set themselves to think whether the United States could not interfere in Mexico without annexing it or any portion of it. An article in the *Washington Review*, written by an author who is not without influential connexions, has lately suggested to anxious Mexicans that something else than annexation may be in store for them. The suggestion of the article is that the United States should leave Mexico to the Mexicans, but should exercise a protectorate over it. The history of India shows that this is what England would probably do under similar circumstances. The benefit to Mexico would be very great, and as soon as the protectorate was established, the perception of the benefits they derived from it would probably soon reconcile the Mexicans to any humiliation they might suppose it to inflict on them. Whether there would be any serious resistance to its establishment is purely a matter of conjecture; but there is a sufficient probability of such a resistance to make a prudent American consider very carefully whether the game would be worth the candle. The real objection to the protectorate seems to be that it does not appear to be in harmony with American institutions. Great aristocracies, like those of England and Rome, can govern dependencies or establish protectorates, for they possess the proper machinery for the purpose. There is always some one in England fit to be Viceroy of India, and the man who has been Viceroy of India returns to take his natural place in English society. But a democracy neither produces the men fit for such a task nor would endure them without jealousy when their term of authority was over. No doubt there are many Americans who, with a little of the training of experience, would learn to exercise a protectorate with firmness, justice, and a sincere regard for the interests of the protected Power; but such men would, if called on to show their aptitude for government, be regarded, and could scarcely help regarding themselves, as outside the pale of ordinary American society, and their eminence could hardly fail to be considered as a source of possible political danger.

FRANCE.

THE French crisis has passed into an extremely sluggish stage. It is plain that nothing new is to be looked for during the month for which the Chambers are prorogued. Marshal MACMAHON is daily provided with a policy in the columns of hostile or friendly newspapers; but there is no reason to suppose that he has yet invented one for himself. That he means to appeal to the country in some way may be taken as certain; but the particular mode in which the appeal will be made, and the precise extent to which it will be allowed to pledge his future action, are matters which will perhaps be decided for him by his adversaries. It is still doubtful whether the majority in the Chamber of Deputies will oppose or welcome a dissolution. Both courses find supporters in the Republican press, and the pleasure of defeating M. DE BROGLIE in the Senate, as well as in the Chamber of Deputies, would of course be very great. But the latest supposition seems to be that the majority will take the most obvious and constitutional method of showing their want of confidence in the Ministry imposed on them by the MARSHAL, and will refuse to vote the supplies. In that case they cannot well object to a dissolution. The Ministry will contend that they have the country with them, and they may fairly challenge the majority either to admit their claim or to give them the opportunity of making it good. A majority in the Chamber of Deputies refusing to discuss the Estimates, and a majority in the Senate refusing to let the constituencies show by their votes whether, in so refusing, their representatives expressed their real mind, could not possibly co-exist for long.

Why the Senate was invested with a veto on a dissolution was always one of the puzzles of the new French Constitu-

tion. But though the exercise of this veto is subject to no express limitation, it will necessarily be restricted in practice. If the Executive professes itself anxious to take the opinion of the electors, the Senate ought not to offer any opposition, unless it is quite clear that the only motive for a dissolution is to get rid of Parliamentary control. There is nothing to show that this will be Marshal MACMAHON's motive. He apparently believes that the deputies are very much more Radical than the electors who have returned them, and that many of those who are now opposing him owe their election to the magic of his name. If he is right in this view, he can fairly ask to be allowed to prove himself right. If he is wrong, he cannot too soon be disabused of any such notion. To attempt to stand between the PRESIDENT and the country would be the greatest mistake that the Republican party could well commit. If the feeling of the constituencies has really undergone the change indicated in the MARSHAL'S Message, it is as important for the Republicans to know it as for the Government. So long as they remain ignorant of the fact they are in constant danger of making the breach between themselves and the nation wider. If the change exists only in the MARSHAL'S fancy, it will be well that the Opposition should at once be armed with the strength which comes from a deliberate judgment of the electors in their favour.

Contradictory assertions are constantly made in Paris as to the precise nature of the issue which the MARSHAL means to submit to the country. According to one opinion, he will plainly tell the electors that, if they wish to have him any longer as President, they must support the Ministers of his choice. According to another opinion, the MARSHAL holds that he has undertaken to protect the nation against itself, and that until his term of office has run out he means to stick to his post, even if the nation plainly signifies that it does not want to see him there. Both hypotheses are put forward in journals which are supposed to receive inspiration from members of the Cabinet; and both probably represent views which have been urged on the MARSHAL by one or other of his advisers. It is probable that when he dismissed M. SIMON and took the Duke of BROGLIE into his councils his intentions pointed to the former alternative. Nothing was said about resignation in the Message read to the Chambers just before the prorogation, but some of the phrases contained in it would be scarcely intelligible unless resignation was in the MARSHAL'S mind. The kind of appeal which he there seems to contemplate could hardly have its full effect if resignation were altogether kept out of sight. Whatever hopes he or his Ministers may build on, the elections must have as their foundation the supposed unwillingness of Conservative France to be left without its protector. Experience has proved that, as between one Cabinet and another, French Conservatives can show themselves sublimely indifferent. If anything is to rouse them from their lethargy, it must be the conviction that it is only while Marshal MACMAHON remains in office that Ministries may come and go and no harm follow. It is at least possible—Marshal MACMAHON perhaps thinks that it is highly probable—that the prospect of a change of President may affect the electors in a quite different way from any in which they have been affected hitherto. The position in which the new Cabinet finds itself is not one which makes it safe to leave any chance unused. The course which the MARSHAL has taken is one that can only be justified by conspicuous success. He has dismissed a Minister who, however he may have obtained his majority, did undoubtedly possess one. He has replaced him by a Minister who, in the absence of external help, is as little likely to secure a majority as any politician in France. He has so completely broken with the Chamber of Deputies that a prorogation was the only means of giving the new Ministers time to settle into their places without encountering a tempest of hostile votes during the process. It is impossible to represent this policy as constitutional in spirit, whatever it may be in the letter. If it is not to receive a decisive condemnation at the hands of the electors, it must be because they feel that to condemn it would be to bring on themselves yet greater evils than any that can follow from submission.

All this may have been in the MARSHAL'S mind a fortnight ago, and yet he may now be hesitating whether to act upon the suggestions here indicated. If he determines to ask the country to say, not merely whether it will have M. DE BROGLIE for its Minister, but also whether it will have Marshal MACMAHON for its President, much will turn on the successor whom the Republican party will have to

offer. It was said at first that M. GAMBETTA intended, in the event of the MARSHAL threatening resignation, to support the candidature of M. GRÉVY. From a purely party point of view this would have been an excellent selection. M. GRÉVY is a man of irreproachable consistency and great self-control, and he has shown himself capable of commanding the unwilling respect even of those who, if they could, would gladly challenge the justice of his rulings. But he is a Republican of the Republicans, and it is doubtful whether France does not still prefer a Republican who has become one by necessity to a Republican who has all along been one from conviction. Nor is this preference, supposing it to be entertained, quite so irrational as it may seem. Republicanism by conviction is associated in the minds of Frenchmen with a doctrinaire dislike of compromise which would make it very difficult for a Government to deal fairly by all the contending parties over which the Republic has to make good its rule. Republicanism by necessity comes to them as an expression of that practical good sense which prefers the substance of government to the form, and is as ready to live under a Republic as under a Monarchy, provided that the same advantages are attainable under the one as under the other. It was announced a few days back that M. GAMBETTA will give the best possible evidence that he appreciates the nature of the situation by recommending the Republican party to take M. THIERS as their candidate. M. THIERS has never, perhaps, surrendered the desire of playing a return match with Marshal MACMAHON; and if it comes to be known that, when the MARSHAL resigns, M. THIERS is willing to take his place, it is impossible to predict what will be the effect of such a declaration on the country. When M. THIERS retired in 1873, his popularity was apparently unshaken. But he had no legal power of dissolving the Assembly, and he knew that his Commander-in-Chief had been gained over by the other side. If Marshal MACMAHON throws himself upon the country in such a way as will enable M. THIERS to do so likewise, the whole character of the contest may be revolutionized. M. THIERS has extraordinary claims on the gratitude of Frenchmen, and there is no danger that in recognizing these claims they will be led astray into any Radical excesses. M. THIERS's reputation for Conservatism is hardly less assuring than Marshal MACMAHON's own.

WOMEN AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

WHEN the House of Commons next takes up the Universities Bill, it will be called upon to discuss the clause which Mr. BALFOUR proposes to insert, empowering and virtually directing the Commissioners to provide for the admission of women to degrees. The idea of woman donning the Oxford or Cambridge cap and gown over her ordinary dress and headgear, going up for her examination in the Schools or Senate House, taking part as a Mistress of Arts or a Doctress in the debates of the Academic Senate, sitting for a Fellowship, and perhaps making her appearance in the Common Room or Combination Room (for the appurtenant privileges will no doubt be claimed in time as well as the degree) is at least novel enough to excite the merriment with which it seems to have been received by some of the opponents of the clause. But we entirely agree with the Woman's Rights party, that this class of questions is not to be treated with levity. The earnest attempt which is being made by a considerable body of men, members of Parliament and others, in conjunction with a group of female enthusiasts, now by conferring political power on women, now by thrusting them into male professions and male places of education, to revolutionize the relations between the sexes, and to convert woman from the partner into the competitor of man, is one of the most serious subjects of the day. It is more serious than most of the questions which at present form the dividing line between the masses of the two political parties. Indeed it will probably soon be recognized as a dividing line itself. Liberals who are not Woman's Rightsers will before long be compelled to combine in some way for mutual defence against the attacks of an organization which is everywhere making furious efforts to eject them from their seats in Parliament, virtually under the auspices of Mr. STANSFELD and Mr. JACOB BRIGHT. The movement has recently sustained heavy reverses on the suffrage question not only in England, but in America, its native country, where an anticipated victory in Michigan

turned out a crushing defeat. But it is not likely that the discontent with the present position of the sex which has been so laboriously excited among women will subside without calling for further efforts on the part of those opposed to the threatened revolution.

If the object of Mr. BALFOUR's clause were the general improvement of female education, he might appeal to universal sympathy; though we hope it is not illiberal to hold that young women are capable of being overstrained by intellectual labour, and that, useful as an acquaintance with the mysteries of physiology may be in rearing children, the first qualification of a mother is to be healthy herself. But the general improvement of female education is not the object, nor is it likely to be the result; the average level of the instruction at female schools and colleges would be rather depressed than elevated by transferring the most aspiring and promising girls to male Universities. What is aimed at is the removal of the line of distinction which exists, and which has hitherto been supposed to have been traced by the hand of nature, between the woman's destination in life and that of the man. In its earlier stages education is general, in its final stage it is, or ought to be, a preparation for the calling in life; and to send men and women to the same Universities is to pronounce that their calling in life is the same. The higher degrees are professional; and the general tendency of University reform is to connect them again practically with the professions, as well as to divide the course in Arts into schools more or less ancillary to the Faculties. The Revolt of Women, as it has been styled by one of its American apostles, in imitation, we suppose, of the "Revolt of Islam," is not an insurrection against any grievance the renewal of which would be compatible with the maintenance of the existing relations of the sexes; it is an insurrection against the lot of woman. It has its source mainly in a hatred among the more ambitious of the sex of the domestic quiet and comparative seclusion to which the woman is consigned by her duties as a wife and mother, and in a desire to go forth and play with men in the mart and on the platform the more bustling and exciting game of life. Its effect in producing, where it strongly prevails, indifference, if not aversion, to maternity has been frequently noticed. The orators of the Woman's Rights movement are fond of ascribing all their own good qualities to their mothers, leaving us to infer that their fathers were not so satisfactory. The obvious conclusion would seem to be that mothers who have done their duty so admirably should be allowed to remain as they are. In endeavouring to improve them by the method now proposed we shall run some risk, to judge by Transatlantic experience, of improving them out of existence.

The success of "Co-education" in American Universities will probably be cited in support of Mr. BALFOUR's motion. But it may be doubted, not only whether the experiment has been successful in American Universities, but whether it has been tried. There are in the United States institutions without number, of more or less importance and promise, styling themselves Universities, and on which ultra-democratic Legislatures have showered with a lavish hand powers of conferring degrees in all the departments of human knowledge. But there are as yet only two which their European compeers would fully recognize as Universities, Harvard and Yale. To neither of these, we believe, have women been admitted. Harvard is in the very focus of New England Radicalism, which has been stimulated of late to the highest pitch by the struggle with Slavery; and Woman's Rights did not fail to knock fiercely at the gate of the University. Mr. ELIOT, the President, of whose visit to this country some years ago many of our men of letters and science retain a pleasant recollection, is himself an offspring of the new culture, having received a scientific rather than a classical training, and has distinguished himself in his University not only by a liberal policy, but by somewhat daring, though successful, innovation. It was therefore from no ungenerous narrowness or love of obsolete monopoly that he desired time before consenting to a change which he saw would profoundly alter the character of the institution, in order to make a tour of inspection through the institutions at which the system of Co-education prevailed. The result of his tour was a report, in the shape of a paper read before the Social Science Association at Boston, decidedly adverse to the system, and pointing to the conclusion that, so far from increasing in popularity, as its advocates asserted, it was on the wane, and that, where it did pre-

vail, it was either as a passing fancy or as the temporary expedient of a newly-settled country unable at first to provide the sexes with separate places of education. Mr. ELIOT was of course accused by "Woman" of being actuated by objectionable motives, and was even identified by the lips of the excited fair with the incarnate Spirit of Evil. But his judgment, based on a careful examination of the facts, prevailed; and Harvard remains a male University, daily increasing in eminence and rising in general esteem.

It is true, and the friends of "Co-education" are entitled to the benefit of the fact, that adults of both sexes have, in the United States, been brought together in the same places of education, without engendering the scandals which were said to have attended a similar experiment at Zürich, and which seem to have confirmed the Universities of Germany in the determination not to admit women. The most notable instance of this is Oberlin, which boasts of its success in combining the two sexes, as well as in combining the black and white races. But, in the first place, there may be, and, if we are not misinformed, have sometimes been, bad results short of positive scandal; and, in the second place, there seems to be justice in the remark that the scale on which the experiment has been tried has been too small to warrant any important conclusion. Every sect, while it is new, is exemplary in its conduct, because it is militant, and the eyes of an adverse world are upon it. The decorous behaviour of a few young women selected as the pioneers of a movement by an exceptional ambition, which is sure to carry with it exceptionally industrious habits, and placed under the special restraints of a position still peculiar and equivocal, can afford us no assurance that the young men and women of our wealthier class generally might be safely thrown together during the years of their final education at a place where they would all be removed from the restraints of home. The union of boys and girls in the American common schools, whether its effects in other respects be good or bad, can of course support no inference as to the probable consequences of the system in its application to adults. Much has been said of the benefits to be reaped from the reciprocal influence of the two sexes on the character of both; but an English student is not a cloistered monk. To say nothing of the female society at Oxford or Cambridge, he is at home, and in general society, half the year. It has not yet been proposed, we believe, to introduce, for the purpose of moral culture, male students into female colleges, as well as female students into male colleges, though the advocates of the system will hardly have shown the courage of their opinions till they have applied it in both ways.

If the London University thinks fit to confer degrees on women, it can do so without requiring them to take up their residence in the midst of young men, and without disturbing any established discipline or arrangement. Oxford and Cambridge, as Universities which teach and require residence of their students, are in a very different position; to them the change would be a revolution. We are aware that this argument, instead of being dissuasive, will be an incentive to the thoroughgoing champions of Woman's Rights, who seem to take special pleasure in forcing an entrance for their sex wherever their presence happens to be, according to ordinary notions, peculiarly incongruous and particularly inconvenient, no doubt because victory in such cases is the most signal assertion of the social non-existence of sex. But Parliament will probably refuse to create gratuitous confusion for the purpose of setting its seal to a controverted theory. Shadow of abstract right on the side of the claimants for admission there is none. In the case of schools, there may be ground for the complaint that in some cases endowments intended by the founder for both sexes, or from which girls are not expressly excluded, have by mere custom become limited to boys. But no one can doubt that the founders and benefactors of Oxford and Cambridge intended their endowments for male students alone, and that, if the funds are to be diverted to the purposes of female education, it must be on the ground of present expediency, which, we conceive, has not yet been shown to exist.

GENERAL GRANT.

DURING his visit to England General GRANT may enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that he has left his own country in the enjoyment of perfect tranquillity.

Commercial depression still continues on both sides of the Atlantic; but the people of the United States are exempt from the political anxieties which disturb nearly all Europe. Even personal and party grievances against the new PRESIDENT will wait for expression till the reassembling of Congress; and it will probably then be found impossible to organize any active opposition. Only a few months have passed since foreigners unfamiliar with American modes of proceeding apprehended a violent collision of parties in consequence of the difficulties of the Presidential election. Those who understood the case better foresaw that some compromise would be arranged in time to avert serious inconvenience. The Republican candidate intimated his readiness, if he were elected, to grant the most urgent demands of the Democrats; and there can be no doubt that his rival would have been equally accommodating to his political opponents. The most irritating anomaly which had resulted from the Civil War has been finally abolished since the natural rulers of the Southern States have resumed their supremacy by the aid of the Republican PRESIDENT. The most urgent task which awaits the Government is the introduction of a competitive system of appointment to the Civil Service, if Congress can be induced to sanction a self-denying policy. It is not improbable that the party managers may be too strong for the PRESIDENT and his Cabinet; but the Legislature must either adopt the proposed reform or incur the responsibility of maintaining a notorious cause of political corruption. An able and resolute statesman might confer another great advantage on the country by accelerating the resumption of specie payments; but the present SECRETARY of the TREASURY has in former times held heterodox opinions on finance; and he may probably shrink from the unpopularity which always attends even the most necessary contraction of the circulating medium.

Since the expiration of his term of office General GRANT has recovered a portion of his former popularity, and, as the memory of his imperfect success in administration becomes fainter, his claims to national gratitude and respect will be more fully recognized. He is said to have acknowledged that on his first accession to the Presidency he was wholly ignorant of politics; and perhaps he would have been better qualified for his office if he had never learned the lessons by which his conduct was afterwards guided. His first attempt to form a capable and honest Cabinet was creditable to his honesty and good sense; but, as soon as he recognized his inability to maintain his independence, his submission to the political managers of the party was too abject and too complete. In his Messages to Congress his most original suggestions only betrayed his want of economical and political knowledge. He was incapable of understanding the fallacies of the protectionist theory; and he fancied that the acquisition of foreign territory was the best mode of extending commercial enterprise; yet on some points he made an effort to think for himself, and he succeeded in understanding the reasons for returning to specie payments. In his choice of agents and confidential advisers he was singularly unfortunate; for, although he was free from personal corruption, some of his nearest associates were exposed to general suspicion, and some to actual prosecution. His dealings with the Government and Legislature of Louisiana were arbitrary and unconstitutional; and, on the whole, the Republican party had little reason to congratulate themselves on their repeated choice. A successful soldier failed in administrative business for the same reasons which render a civilian incompetent to command an army. The most absurd charge which was advanced against the late PRESIDENT was that he meditated the perpetuation of his tenure of office by the use of military power.

One of his countrymen injudiciously claims for the late PRESIDENT the merit of having contributed to the establishment of comparatively friendly relations between the United States and England. General GRANT may perhaps be entitled to the gratitude of his countrymen for his share in procuring the *Alabama* arbitration; but no modern transaction suggests to Englishmen equally irritating recollections. It is unnecessary to discuss the reasons for offering a courteous reception to a famous soldier who has also held high civil office. Mr. HAYES has shown good taste in directing the diplomatic and naval officers of the United States to pay every honour to his predecessor. The rank which he has held would alone entitle General GRANT to attention and deference, if his

professional eminence were less conspicuous. Among ex-Presidents of the United States, only two or three have attempted to continue their political activity. Mr. QUINCY ADAMS had a seat in the House of Representatives, and Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON was for a short time again a member of the Senate. General GRANT will probably be content with having held for eight years the highest rank to which a citizen of the United States can aspire. He is not an orator, and there is no reason to suppose that he would in any capacity succeed as a politician; but in his own proper department he has few competitors for distinction. With the exception of three or four famous Germans, he has commanded larger armies than any other living general, and he was the most prominent among the soldiers who brought the civil war to a successful conclusion. Some Americans think that SHERMAN displayed higher military ability than GRANT; but the occupation of Richmond, and the subsequent surrender of LEE, were the most striking and decisive exploits of the war. General GRANT was the first of the Northern generals who stemmed the tide of Confederate success. His capture of Vicksburg had a great effect in determining the fate of the struggle in the West; and in his final campaign in Virginia he showed that he thoroughly understood the use which might be made of overwhelming numbers. It was asserted at the time, perhaps with little exaggeration, that General LEE in his gallant defence of Virginia inflicted on the Federal troops losses exceeding the number of his own entire army; but General GRANT, with inexhaustible reinforcements at his disposal, could not fail to secure the final victory. SHERMAN's march to the Eastern coast had been concerted with the Commander-in-Chief, and formed a part of the general operations.

General GRANT, when he received General LEE's surrender at Appomattox, anticipated in his courteous demeanour the wise generosity of his countrymen, which has in a few years almost obliterated the bitter recollections of a formidable struggle. There is no other instance in history of so liberal a policy as that which has been adopted since the victory of the North. The brave enemies who had, with characteristic freedom of speech, been denounced during the war as rebels and traitors, found as soon as peace was restored that they were safe, not only from vengeance, but from obloquy. No capital execution, except for private crimes, disfigured the Federal victory, and already, after a dozen years, the military merits of Confederate officers are recognized in all parts of the Union as justifiable causes of patriotic pride. The Vice-President of the Confederates has since sat in the American Senate; and a Confederate officer is, with the approval of a Republican President, Governor of South Carolina. The Commander-in-Chief of the victorious army may therefore look back on his achievements with unmingled satisfaction. His exploits in the field, as well as the high civil rank which rewarded his success, entitle him to respectful attention during his visit to Europe. It fortunately happens that in all countries great soldiers habitually rank with great nobles, and next after princes. No well-bred Englishman would fail in deference and courtesy to the former chief of a great nation; but General GRANT will perhaps be more flattered by the recognition of his personal distinction than even by the precedence to which he is entitled in virtue of his former office. Unlike great Continental soldiers, he will not be surprised in England by the absence of military display consisting in great masses of troops. His own country almost dispenses with a standing army in time of peace, although in case of emergency it commands the services of hundreds of thousands of men, and of accomplished generals to command them.

It may perhaps not be unseasonable to express on the present occasion a feeling of regret for an American who attained eminence in a widely different sphere. Mr. MOTLEY was a laborious and successful student of history; and he deserved and acquired in England a high social position. When nothing occurred to excite his susceptible patriotism, he was one of the most agreeable and instructive of companions, and his literary sympathies were both comprehensive and correct. The causes which interrupted his diplomatic career were not fully understood; for, although he had chosen England as the home of his later years, he was sensitively alive to anything which affected the interests or character of the United States.

TORPEDOES AND IRONCLADS.

THE instantaneous destruction by torpedoes of the Turkish monitor at Matchin brings startlingly into view a new phase of naval warfare. The ship which was blown up in this manner may not indeed have been one of the best of its class; but it appears to be admitted that even the strongest ironclads in existence, our own included, could not resist the effects of such an explosion. Of course it does not follow that this torpedo practice can always be as easily and as safely carried out as in this instance, when a handful of Russians, favoured by the night and a cloudy sky, and by the apparently careless watch of the Turkish crew, were enabled to approach the ship and to attach their deadly explosive unperceived. It was an exceptionally daring act, performed under peculiar circumstances, and the chief interest of the event lies in the intrepidity which was displayed by the man who plunged into the water and swam silently to the Turkish ship, and placed the torpedo in close contact with the bottom of the ship, but which might have been readily baffled under other circumstances. On the whole, it may be thought that good opportunities for feats of this kind are not likely to be very frequent, and that the men who are engaged in such attacks will have to carry their lives in their hands, and will have the balance of chances against them. This, however, is only one example of the use of torpedoes; and there can be no doubt that these weapons will, in one form or another, become henceforth a regular feature in naval warfare, and must therefore be taken into account. Although this blowing up of a monitor is the most striking illustration which has yet been given of the terrible powers concentrated in the torpedo, its capabilities in this way cannot be regarded as a novel discovery, though it has apparently been rather neglected by the authorities. Ground torpedoes of the primitive type have often been used for the defence of ports, as, for example, in the American Civil War; and some ten years ago the Admiralty was induced to establish a Torpedo School at Portsmouth. Until last year, however, this branch of naval education was treated only as a subordinate element in the course of gunnery instruction on board the *Excellent*, when it was made a separate and independent department. The *Vernon* is now assigned to this purpose, and a course of training has been established, including, not only the practical work of torpedo practice, but a knowledge of electricity and magnetism. In the Estimates of this year there are votes of 80,000*l.* for torpedoes and 4,000*l.* for experiments. It has also been decided to build a torpedo-ram of 2,000 tons, which is to have no guns, and simply to be, as it were, its own projectile, acting by force of impact, with the help of torpedoes. It may be hoped, therefore, that the subject has at last been taken up in earnest. In a case of this kind it is of vital importance to the country that the navy should be fully abreast of the latest results of scientific invention. It is not enough that we should be able to defend ourselves at home or to compete on close terms with foreign navies. We must turn our expenditure and mechanical ingenuity to account by, if possible, securing in every way that supremacy in naval power which, from our peculiar position and responsibility, is essential to the interests and safety of the nation.

Those who wish to know about the present state of the torpedo system cannot do better than turn to the recent speech of Captain CHARLES BEESFORD in the House of Commons, in which he gave a graphic account of the possibilities, as well as actual results, of the use of this weapon. In addition to the primitive type of the "HERVEY" or "towing" torpedo, which explodes on striking, and the sunken "ground torpedo," which is exploded by contact or electricity, and may be considered as crude types, there are some more highly developed species, such as the "spur" torpedo, which is carried in a small boat, which is also exploded by touching or electricity; the THORNYCROFT torpedo steamer, which is partly submerged and therefore scarcely discernible in its movements, and which, lately in a trial off the French coast, went at nineteen knots an hour, chased, and sunk an old vessel sent out before it; and the WHITEHEAD torpedo, which Lord CHARLES described as the most awful of infernal machines. The last is an automatic projectile, some six yards long, like a cigar, with pointed ends, and consists of three compartments—the head, containing a powerful charge of gun-cotton; the central part a balance chamber, adjustable to

any depth of water down to 30 feet; and an air-chamber with a compressed air-engine. It is said to be able to go at the rate of twenty knots for a thousand yards, and may be set so as to explode either by contact or at any distance under a thousand yards. It could be fired above the water, and would sink to the depth it had been set for, and then go straight to the ship aimed at, no matter how fast the latter might be moving; and if by any chance it missed its object, it could go to the bottom and explode on half-cock and rise to the surface by its buoyancy; and was calculated to make a hole of 70 feet area; in fact, as Lord CHARLES gave out, "It could do everything but speak." This may perhaps be thought rather an extravagant description of the torpedo in question; but it would seem to be in its way a very clever one, judging from the experiments which took place the other day before the PRINCE OF WALES. On the same occasion an automatic steam-pinnace, with nobody on board, and controlled by electricity, was sent out, and dropped and exploded a series of countermines "with surprising results." What the same speaker recommended was a number of very fast schooner-rigged steam-vessels, like steam-yachts, doing not less than 12 knots, and fitted with torpedoes; and also an organized system of training in connexion with our defensive coast torpedoes, so that seamen as well as engineers might know how to manage them. Any one can form an idea from these accounts of the style and performances of the torpedoes which are at present available for use in warfare; but there is another question which requires consideration, and that is, not whether torpedoes can efficiently perform the functions attributed to them, but whether they can be safely managed. It has, it is reported, been asserted by one experienced authority in regard to the WHITEHEAD torpedoes, that every ship of war carrying a supply of these missiles carries a terrible and novel source of danger to herself, and that the unskilful use of one of them might easily bring on the ship using it the destruction intended for the enemy. The electric torpedo worked quietly from a battery on shore is no doubt a safer thing, unless there is singular carelessness on the part of those in charge of it; but still there is, under almost any circumstances, a serious risk; and, as Captain FISHER has remarked, the great secret of the successful management of torpedoes will be found to consist in paying the utmost attention to apparently trifling precautions, and in trusting no one. How far the skill and disciplined experience required for such hazardous work have already been secured it is difficult to say; but on this point will no doubt turn the future of the torpedo system. Moreover, while the efficiency of torpedoes in attack appears to be somewhat doubtful, there is also a difficulty in providing for the protection of ships against this insidious foe. Wire nets round the hulls would embarrass the ships, while supplying only an imperfect guard; and the strengthening of their bottoms would increase their already excessive weight, so that the only resource would be in the free use of electric light and a careful watch.

Apart, however, from this aspect of the subject—that as to the value of torpedoes—there is another naval question to which Mr. BRASSEY has just directed attention in, on the whole, a very sensible and practical letter to the *Times*. He holds that it is a mistake to keep up so large a proportion of large ships, to the exclusion of vessels of moderate size and of more general usefulness; and that, as it is impossible to make the big ships invulnerable, and as they are nearly as liable to destruction as those of a smaller and less costly type, it ought to be a cardinal maxim to distribute the strength of the navy into as large a number of ships as may be, only taking care not to make any ship too small for being thoroughly efficient in its particular kind of work. At present a great deal of money is spent on huge, heavy ships, which are liable to be lost through torpedoes or bad engineering, and are by no means so generally useful as smaller, cheaper, and more easily handled vessels; and, as Mr. BRASSEY remarks, the result of the exaggerated dimensions of our ironclads is, not only to absorb funds which might be much more advantageously invested in other ways, but also to limit the number of ships and guns in the British navy. Mr. BARNABY, the head of the Construction Department of the Navy, has expressed the opinion that, under existing conditions, the ironclads require, as a protection against torpedoes, to be each attended and supported by a flotilla of gunboats; and Mr. BRASSEY and Sir SPENCER ROBINSON are both disposed to take the same

view. Mr. BRASSEY calculates that a fleet of ten *Inflexibles*, covered with penetrable armour, such as they wear, would cost as large a sum as that for which the country might obtain thirty steam-rams of 2,000 tons, without guns, at 100,000*l.* apiece; sixty gunboats of the *Gamma* type, two of which have lately been built by the Elswick Factory, and have yielded good results, at 25,000*l.* each; and a serviceable and sufficient force of torpedo boats. Thus the balance would be very much on the side of the latter plan, by which the navy would be made more useful by an increase in the number of guns and vessels at command, and the expenditure would yield more valuable results. This is a view which most people, though they may reserve their judgment as to details, will probably regard as *prima facie* sound and practical; and it is to be hoped that it will receive serious consideration. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the Admiralty at the present moment that it is bound to keep up to the highest possible point, not merely the defensive, but the attacking, power of the country.

MR. BUTT AND THE IRISH OBSTRUCTIVES.

IT will be some satisfaction to those suffering members of the House of Commons whom a cruel fortune has kept moving in and out of the lobby during the small hours at the instance of Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL, to learn, from a correspondence between these gentlemen and Mr. BUTT, that they are not alone in their misery. The endless series of motions that the debate or the House be adjourned with which the names of these dauntless patriots are associated have been as wormwood to their nominal leader. It is Mr. BUTT's misfortune to differ from Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL upon the first principles of Home Rule strategy. What they think policy, he thinks a wilful throwing away of chances. All his carefully constructed schemes go for nothing in the presence of the rage and despair which their conduct excites in the minds of English members. These obstructive tactics have been indirectly played off even upon Mr. BUTT himself. He had once actually drafted certain amendments which aimed at redressing an Irish grievance under cover of redressing an English one; and he thinks that, but for Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL, there would have been a fair chance of getting them passed. But the night on which the amendments were to be considered happened to be one of those on which Mr. BIGGAR was making himself formidable alike to the Government and the Opposition by his resistance to the progress of the Mutiny Bill, and the consequence was that the measure which Mr. BUTT had been so anxious to make use of never came on at all. Very probably it is now shelved for the Session, so that Mr. BUTT has the double pang of losing his amendments and being instrumental in causing his friend to lose his Bill. By a coincidence which will give a passing pleasure to some of those weary politicians for whom Mr. BIGGAR almost nightly murders sleep, this blow to Irish interests has been inflicted by the very weapon which has heretofore been so powerful in Irish hands. Had the discussion on the Mutiny Act closed at one o'clock on that eventful morning, Mr. MUNDELLA'S Bill for the abolition of the qualification of a Town Councillor would have been considered, Mr. BUTT would have moved its extension to Ireland, and, in his own opinion, would probably have carried his motion. The time spent on the motion for reporting progress made this impossible, and the adjournment of Mr. MUNDELLA'S Bill enabled its opponents to give notice of a motion for rejecting it. "It is now," says Mr. BUTT, "within the inexorable rule of half-past twelve; and it is very possible that, after watching through many a weary midnight, Mr. MUNDELLA may have the mortification of seeing his Bill for England lost for the Session because he wished to help us in establishing a popular principle for Ireland." This is not a way, as Mr. BUTT very truly says, in which Home Rulers can hope to conciliate the support of their English friends. In fact, the line taken by Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL is rapidly bringing things to that pass that the Home Rulers will have no English friends left. It would be ungrateful in Mr. BUTT to hint a doubt whether, in such negotiations as have passed between him and English politicians, any other consideration than that of the inherent justice of the Irish cause found even a momentary place. But, sacred as the

principle of Home Rule may be, English members cannot be expected to defend it if they see that to do so makes the loss of their seats almost a certainty. Indeed, to a politician of Mr. BUTT's practical mind, support given under these conditions would cease to be valuable. He does not expect to break up the Empire in this Parliament; and if the men who vote for him now will not have the chance of voting for him after a general election, he would as soon that they should vote against him.

It is fair to Mr. BUTT to say that he repudiates the tactics adopted by Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL on higher and more general grounds than these. He objects to a policy of mere obstruction, because it risks the loss of one of the most valuable privileges which members of Parliament possess. If the power which a minority enjoys under the rules of the House of Commons of obstructing the progress of a measure by repeated motions of adjournment were invoked by every member at his pleasure, "no deliberative assembly could tolerate its existence." In "self-defence any such assembly would be forced to 'abolish or curtail it.'" Mr. BUTT then points out that this power is really enjoyed at the pleasure of the majority, that it could be abolished or curtailed without any violent change in the rules of the House, and that, if a proposal to that effect were made in the present House, it would be very likely to be carried. If a privilege so justly dear to minorities were forfeited by the action of Irishmen, they would be exposed to the taunt of being unfit to administer even the forms of representative government. Mr. BUTT would like, however, to see his mutinous twins abandon the position they have lately taken up, from a better impulse than any which mere prudence can supply. It is the duty of Home Rulers to maintain before the civilized world the dignity of the Irish nation and the Irish cause, and that duty is closely bound up with the duty which they owe to the assembly of which they are members—"an assembly to degrade which is to strike a blow at representative institutions 'all over the world.'"

Whether Mr. BUTT's remonstrances will have any effect in Ireland must be left to the next general election to determine. It must be supposed that Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL have not chosen their course without some degree of care and deliberation, and that, rightly or wrongly, they have satisfied themselves that it is one at which their constituents are not disposed to take offence. But if it proves to be generally unpopular in Ireland, the opinion of the farmers of Meath and Cavan will probably undergo an insensible change, and when the present members for those counties offer themselves for re-election, they will find that they have reckoned without their constituents. As yet the only expression of Irish feeling on the subject is contained in a placard calling on the Irishmen of Glasgow to attend a meeting for the purpose of cheering on the two new leaders who, "while gallantly fighting the enemy in the front," have been "attacked in the rear by Whig Home Rulers and weak 'or very genteel' patriots whose admiration for that superstition called the tone of the House, and desire to make 'a Parliamentary reputation,' direct their action more 'than a haughty spirit of defiance to England's 'usurped rule.'" Before this meeting Mr. PARNELL and Mr. BIGGAR appeared on Monday, and rendered an account of their stewardship which appears to have given abundant satisfaction to themselves and their hearers. Indeed, if Home Rule is to be obtained by either of the alternative policies now in the field, Mr. PARNELL's and Mr. BIGGAR's reading of the future appears more likely to succeed than Mr. BUTT's. The idea of "conciliating" the English people into breaking up the United Kingdom is certainly not so plausible as the idea of wearying them into it. Mr. BUTT appears to hope that, when Irish members have shown how pleasant they can make themselves, and when the Imperial Parliament has shown, by passing several of Mr. BUTT's Bills, how ready it is to legislate for Ireland according to Irish ideas, there will be no difficulty in bringing about a separation which shall send Irish members and Irish measures back to Dublin. Mr. BIGGAR trusts rather to his conscious ability to make himself a nuisance. He is resolved to show the House of Commons that, instead of being able to legislate for Ireland as well as for England, it is not even able to legislate for England, except on condition of granting Home Rule. These joint leaders of the Irish race in its new enterprise are genuine haters. They are quite ready to degrade representative institutions all over the

world provided they can strike a blow at the House of Commons. What if they do make it alter its rules and deprive minorities of the right of delaying the progress of a measure by repeated motions of adjournment? It is an English institution, and if it becomes less free or less efficient, it is England that will suffer. Ireland, it is true, will be silenced; but she can only gain by the additional proof which this fact will supply that she will never get justice from an English Parliament. If Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL only persevere long enough, they may yet boast that they have destroyed one at least of the securities for free debate of which they found the House of Commons in possession.

THE CHURCH OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND THE POOR.

NO one can see the notices of sermons and the like addresses which frequently placard the walls of our towns and the doors of theatres and other public buildings, and observe the care with which all ideas of sacredness and awe are excluded and made to give place to the vulgarest curiosity, without speculating on what can have been the train of events which has led up to such perpetrations in the cause of religion. For these exhibitions are a comparative novelty. The vulgar have always been ready to show their contempt for religion, or for certain unpopular forms of it, by outrages upon reverence; but they have not always been drawn towards religion by such methods. Some change of feeling must have taken place to make the familiar tone congenial; and this change we take to be a revolt against the idea of authority, an idea that was once not above the comprehension and sympathy even of the most ignorant. This deference to authority might show itself in a fashion to excite the sense of humour or the sneers of keener and more cultivated intelligences; but it was a real influence and a beneficial one. Our old ecclesiastical biographies speak of the relish which an unlettered congregation had for the sound of Latin in a sermon. They did not mind their pastor being unintelligible now and then in a foreign tongue, being perhaps sufficiently used to finding him talk over their heads in their own. When the learned Dr. Pocock gave his rustic audience a plain sermon, they disparaged him as a plain, honest man, but "no Latiner." Addison, remarking on the same predilection for learning, tells in his inimitable way of rival preachers in a country town, one of whom, by quoting the Fathers in the original, emptied the church of the other, until he, finding his congregation mouldering away every Sunday, resolved to give the parish a little Latin in his turn, and digested into his sermons the whole book of *Qua Genua*, adding such explications as he thought would be for the benefit of his people. This expedient in a very little time thickened his audience and refilled his church. No doubt these duped country folks cut a ridiculous figure; yet is there not a light in which their love of learning for its own sake, apart from their immediate edification, has its creditable side? With them surely such ideas as those of authority, antiquity, theology, orthodoxy, mystery, church order, ministers set apart, existed in their minds in some faint shadow and dim outline. The mere recognition of the value of learning in things divine, of the existence of truths and a history which it needed a special training to enter into and time to master, put them intellectually in a higher position than that where religion is viewed as equally without a past history and present mystery; which is evidently the mental state of the contrivers of the announcements of which we have spoken, and of the people who are attracted by them.

Ignorance which acknowledges the need of a teacher may be favourably compared with ignorance which does not perceive that it has anything to learn, and which chooses its guides by the rule of equality in standing and literary acquirement, recognizing superiority only in a more varied and sensational experience in evil-doing. When A. rests his claim to be listened to on his having been till lately a navvy, and B. asks a hearing in the capacity of retired pugilist; when C. puts forth his title to orders as the reformed drunkard, and D. as the converted pickpocket, they rely upon a degradation of the religious instinct which we think is a peculiar feature of this age, and which certainly was foreign to the popular religious feeling of the last century, as we gather it from contemporary literature; and we ask how it has come to pass that, with all our boasted education, the multitudes of our towns and cities have sunk below the perceptions of their ignorant forefathers on a point so material? In attempting an answer to this question we cannot but think that, in the interval between the examples we have quoted of a rustic reverence for learning and authority and the period which feels the attraction of the unauthorized and coarsely familiar, there have been causes on the face of things which may serve to account for the change. The poor and ignorant of those times did not receive that consideration from their superiors, whether lay or clerical, which a more sympathetic benevolence would have won for them; their reverence for what was above them, whether in station or bearing, was presumed upon, their submission relied on as a thing of course. What we now miss was then regarded as an inalienable characteristic, which needed no fostering, and therefore won little regard. The relation of the poor to the Church was assumed to be a

relation of contented subservency, for which there was a *quid pro quo* in patronage, alms, and other favours. No susceptibilities were suspected or provided against; and certainly early in the century that cry against "enthusiasm" which later on was set up against the poor—and which caused the old women in the aisle who rustled the leaves of their Bibles in search of the text to be called beldames—was first roused by another class altogether, the comfortable and well-to-do. Dissent never begins with the poor; neither do revivals of any sort. They were not supposed to have ideas of their own. The poor, says the *Spectator*, which are the bulk of the nation, work only that they may live; and if with two days' labour they can get a wretched subsistence, they will hardly be brought to work the other four. No religious party was supposed to be anxious to win such adherents. Again, the *Spectator* quotes with approval a sleek and what is termed a "handsome paragraph" from a sermon of Dr. Snape on St. Bride's Charity Schools, which shows a complacent security that was little sanctioned by the event in the moral effects of a certain sort of teaching upon the indigent. "The wise Providence," says this divine, "has amply compensated the disadvantages of the poor and indigent wanting many of the conveniences of this life by a more abundant provision for their happiness in the next. Had they been higher born or more richly endowed they would have wanted this manner of education. . . . The learning which is given is generally more edifying to them than that which is sold to others; thus do they become more exalted in goodness by being depressed in fortune, and their poverty is in reality their preferment." A course of such sermons as this would go far towards accounting for the rise of dissent. But it was only paving the way.

Addison's tone is less unpleasant, but equally patronizing, and equally confident in the teachable spirit induced by poverty and humble circumstances. His notions of the religion of the rustic are entirely remote from independent thought or from any possibility of the poor taking a line of their own. The churchyard has almost as humanizing an efficacy as the church itself in his picture of the country Sunday. "It is certain," he says, "that the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages or barbarians were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another on indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being." Not only does Sunday refresh in their minds the notion of religion, but it puts the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable form. "A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the Change." Sir Roger could keep his eye upon a congregation of this class. He could call John Matthews to order, who was kicking his heels for his diversion, and send his servant to wake any one who was nodding; but not for them did he compile that body of divinity composed of all the good sermons in the English language, which is recorded as his inaugural gift to his chaplain, in order that, instead of wasting his spirits in original composition, he might devote all his pains to elocution and a good delivery. The taste for learning, which Addison elsewhere touches on with such happy humour, he seems to have relied upon as making the elaborate periods of defunct divines not the less acceptable for being unintelligible. The difference between the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries on this point seems to have been that the "Latiner" of the earlier age gave the people a sense of their value by holding them worthy of a display of his own best learning, thus quickening their attention and keeping it on the stretch; while the mistake of Addison's day was in separating and distinguishing between high and low, so that the duty of the poor was to go to church and behave themselves there, leaving it to their betters to understand. Once let a congregation of rustics suspect this broad distinction, and a tie was loosened that bound them to their pastor and their church. "Church work," says Sir Roger, "is slow work." So it is, slow in doing, slow in being undone; but slower still in repairing and restoring when the mischief has had time to work.

It is notable in our earlier essayists that, keeping pace with their growing lamentations over the spread and increase of schism, is their horror of enthusiasm. As all dissent was enthusiasm, the more dissent there was the more it behoved the Church to keep on her guard against enthusiasm. "There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned by religious enthusiasm," "Devotion when it does not lie under the check of reason is very apt to degenerate into enthusiasm." "The two great errors into which a mistaken devotion may betray us are enthusiasm and superstition"; and so on. This being the case, and any approach to the dreaded stimulus being above all things to be avoided, and yet some remedy being called for, a general agreement was arrived at, to the effect that a corrected style of reading the service, and action, graceful if possible, but action of some sort in the pulpit, furnished the true panacea. "If only our clergyman would be careful to recommend truth and virtue by the graces of elocution, it is not possible that nonsense should have so many hearers as you find it has in dissenting congregations," says one. "I do not doubt," writes another in the *Tatler*, "but if our preachers would learn to speak, and our readers to read, within six months' time we should not have a dissenter within a mile of a church in Great Britain." Thanks to the neglect of such accomplishments, schism made its way, and while the parson of the parish had to go to law for half his dues, the fluent "Daniel" grew fat by voluntary sub-

scriptions—"Bawling out my beloved, and the words grace, regeneration, sanctification, the day! or rather the night, is coming and judgment will come while we least think of it." It does not strike the modern reader that these words are out of place in a sermon, or unsuited for a rousing delivery. However, they are placed in strong contrast with preaching as it should be. The power of an impressive reading of the service is dwelt upon with an emphasis of conviction which scarcely finds a response in modern taste, to say nothing of experience. "Until Sunday was sevennight," we read in the *Spectator*, "I never discovered to so great a degree the excellency of the Common Prayer. When, being in St. James's Garlick Hill Church, I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be unattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers. . . . The Confession was read with such a resigned humility, the Absolution with such a comfortable authority, the Thanksgiving with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner I never did before." And the writer goes on to propose that "the gitted reader shall, on the next assembly of clergy at Sion College, read prayers before them; that those who are afraid of opening their mouths, those who loll, and read with a rakish negligent air, those Pindaric readers that are confined to no set measure, and those who read with an indifference as if they did not understand the language, may all be informed of the art of reading movingly, fervently, how to place the emphasis and give the proper accent of each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the sentence." We own to no desire to see this ultra-studied reading in the ascendant again. Whatever it might have done in preventing the birth of schisms, we can hardly suppose it to be a potent instrument of reunion in our own day.

The whole tone of the period we find very well given in one of the *Tatler's* gravest satires (November 30, 1710), which brings before the reader the Church of England in visible presentment, invested with all her most distinguishing and valued characteristics, as she figures in a "show at that time carried up and down Germany, which represents all the religions of Great Britain in waxwork." "The middle figure was formed like a matron dressed in the habit of an elderly woman of quality in Queen Elizabeth's days. The most remarkable parts of her dress were the beaver with the steeple crown; the scarf, that was darker than sable, and the lawn apron whiter than ermine. Her gown was of the richest black velvet, and just upon her heart she wore several large diamonds of an inestimable value disposed in the form of a cross. She bore an inexpressible cheerfulness and dignity in her aspect, and, though she seemed in years, appeared with so much spirit and vivacity as gave her at the same time an air of old age and immortality." When the poet would describe the Church, she is immortal and unchanged; this elderly immortality, this look of being in years, is more to the liking of these eulogists, and the Elizabethan costume much more in the spirit of the portrait than a garb losing its origin in antiquity. And certainly this elderly woman of quality stands not as the Church for high and low, not as the Church for all classes and tempers, but for the docile, the comfortable, the respectable and thriving, the well-to-do; while her watchword "Moderation" puts her in complete sympathy with the temper which indeed likes enthusiasm nowhere, but can tolerate it anywhere except in religion. Our space comes to an end before our subject; the war with so-called enthusiasm was a long one, and was carried on with gathering bitterness.

A PHONETIC FIELD-DAY.

OUR Phonetic friends have been holding what it is now fashionable to call a Conference. In reading the report of the meeting of the would-be reformers of spelling, one is constantly reminded of that Lay in which Macaulay describes the gathering of the forces of Lars Porsenna. A proud man was Mr. E. Jones, B.A. (of Liverpool), upon the trysting day. Mr. Tito Pagliardini was ranged beneath his eye, and Mr. Baxter Langley and many a proud ally. Among the conveners were "Mr. J. M. D. Meiklejohn, Professor of History and Art of Education, University St. Andrews, on the ground that there is a *prima facie* case for inquiry." Also, *sans phrase*, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, who knows about drains, and Mr. Condy, M.A., appear among the philologists. Exeter added, in the person of Mr. Clapp, a representative of her School Board, and indeed there is no doubt that School Boards are sincerely interested in anything that can facilitate education.

Whether the phonetic reform of spelling is the best way of making matters easier remains to be seen. Mr. Max Müller has asked, in an article republished in an unknown tongue "by the benevolence of Mr. John Coltman of Newcastle-on-Tyne," whether there was "no statesman in England sufficiently proof against ridicule to call the attention of Parliament to what is a growing national misfortune." Mr. Lowe has written to say that he is that man, that statesman. He has been informed that "there are thirty-nine sounds in the English language. There are twenty-four letters. I think that each letter should represent one sound, that fifteen new letters should be added, so that there should be a letter for every sound, and that every one should write as he speaks." At present Mr. Lowe finds that boys "from the sixth standard" are "unable to read aloud tolerably, and have no idea of the pronunciation of the language." Per-

haps a more funny set of arguments was never put together. For example, a boy from the sixth standard very likely expresses himself naturally thus:—"Ere's a statesman as isn't afeared of reticule, 'e hisn't." Of course when that lad comes to read Mr. Lowe's note in the newspapers aloud he blunders over it. And the remedy is to be the introduction of fifteen new letters, which will perhaps express the clicks, grunts, and nasal accents of the rustic, while the worthy lad meanwhile is "to write as he pronounces." A learned Frenchman has been contributing to the *Temps* a series of articles on the fine art of reading aloud; but he is not so revolutionary as to propose to introduce "zey zeying" into literary language. Meanwhile Mr. Isaac Pitman was immensely gratified by Mr. Lowe's letter. Mr. Pitman really seems to be a person who is easily pleased. He says that there are thirty-eight sounds in English and twenty-six letters, whereas Mr. Lowe gives a different calculation. Then Mr. Pitman went on to talk about "the 102 letters and combinations, representing 269 sounds"; and this they call facilitating education. By way of showing how phonetically-minded people agree among themselves, a letter was read from the Bishop of Exeter. The Bishop did not, of course, go so far as a statesman who is proof against ridicule; "he said it was essential to have no new letters, and only a few critical marks." We are not certain that the Bishop has got rid of a lingering fondness for the look of accentuated Greek.

Mr. Lowe was not present at the meeting, or he might have refuted Mr. Storr. That gentleman "hoped the Conference would give no encouragement to the suggestion that any changes of accepted pronunciations were involved in the reform advocated." Now Mr. Lowe, unless we misunderstand him, would let pronunciation be a free fight, every man writing as he pronounces. Thus, for example, a dandy would write that "Mistaw Lowe is a statesman insensible to widicule." But Mr. Storr does not at all see the good of this kind of change. In fact, the free-fight stage of spelling is over, and the forms which best adapted themselves to their environment have survived. Certainly these forms often do not seem the fittest; we grant that; but we hold that to provoke an insurrection among boys "of the sixth standard," to stir up a wordy war, and to fall back on the diplomacy of a Royal Commission, is not a scientific way of dealing with language. But if Mr. Whitney and Mr. Max Müller agree—*συνώμωσαν γὰρ ὅτις ἐχθιστοὶ τὸ πρῖν*—that spelling is a matter of legislation, why, the sooner Mr. Lowe moves a few resolutions on the business the better. He may divide the Liberal party a little more; but that has ceased to be a very important consideration.

We do not observe in the printed report of this Conference that the chairman, Professor Sayce, said very much, or committed himself to the accents of Dr. Temple, the new letters of Mr. Lowe, or the combinations of Mr. Pitman, whose alphabet seems admirably calculated to express the ravings of the inspired speakers at a Shakers' meeting. Mr. Sayce's opinion must necessarily be received with the deference due to his learning, when he talks about philology. He declared that English spelling "cultivated an unphilological habit of mind. The philologist wanted to trace the changes in sound from generation to generation. Spelling like ours concealed them." Now, of two evils, we prefer that philologists should be thrown out now and then with the sound of *ea* in tea in Queen Anne's time, rather than that we should undergo an irruption of pedantry, and of alphabets named "Jones-Burns," "digraphic," "Pitman," and "mixed," at the present moment. Mr. Max Müller says that "language is not made only for scholars and etymologists"; and we may add that all the disorder of arbitrary spelling cannot be introduced to please philologists. At one time French ladies and gentlemen sounded words in a very affected way, which one may see imitated in old comedies and satires. Does Mr. Sayce think that the courtly scholars of the period should have written as they pronounced? Or is it necessary that, because the editor of the *Tohermore Trumpet* may sound *wh* like *f*, therefore he should print in his leaders "fat is the matter wid her Machesty's meenisters"? Where, in fact, does Mr. Sayce draw the line? All varieties of sound in words are interesting to the philologist; but what a hideous chaos English literature would be by this time if spelling had not hidden the differences! In fact, just as speech is granted us to conceal our thoughts, spelling is useful to cover the infinite and infinitesimal varieties of sound which in spoken language may be given to each word. Philologists may, as a rule, learn what they want from rhymes, just as we know from Latin verse what the quantity of each foot was.

Great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Doth sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea,

is the kind of hint that rhyme gives in abundance, and let that suffice for philologists. We will venture on an *argumentum ad hominem* with the Professor of Comparative Philology. How does he like Mr. Macarthur's scheme? Mr. Macarthur, as a teacher near Glasgow, has a peculiar right to be heard about the pronunciation of English. The Glesky pronunciation is jest ridecleous, to put it phonetically. And he writes a poem of Lord Byron's thus:—

The Destruction of the Accirian.

The Accirian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.

How does Mr. Sayce like it? What would M. Oppert think of the Accirian, or would he prefer the alternative generously given by

Mr. Macarthur, and read "Acirian"? Really at the bare notion of such reforms one turns—still to quote Mr. Macarthur—

As cold as the spray of the roc-beeting surf.

Perhaps Mr. Macarthur would spell the name of a famous ancient city "Earache"; or would he go the other way about, and dignify a painful but unromantic malady with the primeval name of Erech?

One would imagine that the absurd caprice and whimsicality of all these systems and schemes would strike even their authors, and that a Conference would break up in laughter. What sort of ear has the man who wants to spell "goods" *guodz*? How can any one hope to know how Mr. Fry, Mr. Macarthur, and the rest pronounce when they are at home? Only people who live with them would be able to understand their letters and their printed works. The reformers are only united in dislike of established custom and usage. As soon as any serious attempt was made to please them, they would split off into a hundred sections, like other schismatics. The vestment would be rent into as many fragments as the ancient Covenant, and Mr. Pitman would be found maintaining that he and a pupil, like Davie Deans and his friend, composed the true church of spelling. A little band would go with Mr. Macarthur into the wilderness near Glasgow. Only too many Scotch persons would form a congregation in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, to help Mr. Alexander Bain to maintain the position of the late Dr. Clarke of Marischal College, that "lif is a drém." "Shúrlí, sèd I, mán is but a shàdo, and lif a drém." How could the convivial view of existence be better stated in Scotch? Only in the border counties the phonetic speller would have to write that "Life is a drawm," for that is how they pronounce it in the Peebles district. While these secessions took place, scholars who have, rather hastily we think, lent their names to this movement, would return to quiet collegiate cloisters, and add to the knowledge and wisdom of the world.

Phonetic spelling is merely one of the many fantastic shapes of modern individualism. It is like spirit-rapping, like conscientious objections to vaccination, like the morbid desire to marry one's deceased wife's sister, like Miss Cobbe's patent religion. To most of these crazes one or two distinguished men have given a kind of support. Is it necessary to say that the phonetic people have "drawn" Mr. Gladstone? They quote this text from the ex-Premier:—"The difficulties of spelling are enough to drive the learner mad." Surely that is stated rather too strongly, unless all educated people are either mad, or gifted with a power of mental resistance to maddening influences which we had thought unusual.

The reformers have one argument on their side to which we would willingly accord the most respectful attention. They complain—especially the politicians among them complain—of the difficulty of teaching children to read. This is not a matter over which we are inclined to make merry, though it may be thought perhaps that the difficulty is somewhat exaggerated. But some of the reformers seem to have a remedy which is at least less objectionable than the arbitrary revolution of written and printed English. Mr. Curwen said at the Conference—and we have heard the statement before—that, if children were taught phonetically in the lower "standards," they "could afterwards be taught the arbitrary (that is the usual) spelling." Thus, children, *ex hypothesi*, would learn easily and quickly, first on a system, next in the wonted way, and no ridiculous anarchy would be brought into our books and letters. But even that does not satisfy the reformers who issue the programme of the Conference. "Difficulties and objections would disappear if the new spelling could be taught to children for reading and writing; if children could pass easily from reading the new to reading the old spelling, and if the new spelling could be easily read by adults. Children would not be required to write in the old spelling, and adults would not be expected to write in the new spelling." How excessively condescending on the part of the children! They would not turn Mr. Lowe out of office, if he were in, because he had not mastered the fifteen new letters. They would not try the brain of Mr. Gladstone, which has already, it seems, suffered such a strain from the old spelling, by making him take up the new. Old spellers would be a kind of Jotuns, an expiring alien race, retired to lonely corners of the hills, to read Wordsworth in the old spelling. Where is the end of this nonsense to be? or are we all to lip like babies of two years old, to write in words of one syllable, and adopt, not merely the spelling, but the grammar of young costermongers and ploughboys? These measures would save ploughboys and costermongers a world of trouble; but we think that, when all was done, philologists would still be far from happy.

CHANGES IN THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

THERE are certain tracts of country in India which possess the almost miraculous faculty of supplying the Law Courts with an unfailing crop of suits. A vast alluvial plain is watered by a river which, though of reasonable dimensions for six months in the year, becomes, when swollen by the melting snows of the Himalayas and by the periodical rains, perfectly unmanageable. The most skilful of engineers is baffled in any attempt to control or even to foretell its freaks. The process of erosion, diluvion, and accretion goes on at a rate and on a scale of which Englishmen cannot form the smallest

motion. In the space of a month, a week, or a few days, between June and September, a mile or two of some native gentleman's estate is submerged, slips away, and is thought to have joined itself to the patrimony of some other magnate two or three reaches down the river. When the rains subside, the face of nature is revolutionized. The main channel of the stream, which in the preceding year was known to flow to the east close under the village of Raja Haut, is now discovered to be running past the mart of Nawabgunje, two thousand yards away to the west. What in 1870 was a navigable channel, crowded with boats of all shapes and sizes, is in 1871 a solid island; and what were islands accurately delineated in the last map of the Survey are now winding channels or deep pools. Sometimes the change has been so violent and abrupt that a bewildered owner, at the cost of an expensive suit, can follow and identify his village and lands, which an unmistakable channel has divided from the parent estate. Sometimes the process of accretion has been so imperceptible that no amount of local examination or hard swearing will enable a riparian proprietor to reclaim his own. But what is certain is that each transformation furnishes litigious landlords with a dozen fresh causes of action. And so, when two or three affrays have half filled the gaols, when the machinery of the civil courts has subsequently been put in motion, and when an appeal to the Privy Council has resulted in an admirable settlement of the question, with scientific demarcation of boundaries, another rainy season of unprecedented duration introduces new elements of confusion, and again reduces order to primeval chaos. Villages are once more obliterated; lands vanish; landmarks are swept away; the decree gained at a vast expense by Maharani Surnomayi *versus* Ram Chandra Bahadur is not worth ten rupees; and the whole drama of aggression, retaliation, tutored witnesses, documents made to order, eloquent speeches and exhaustive judgments, commences afresh. A discussion on certain Indian subjects has a strong likeness to a recurring cause of action arising out of diluvion on this gigantic scale. Something has to be done in order to remedy a patent inconvenience and injustice, or to treat unforeseen claims with equity. The best heads and the most brilliant pens are set to work, and a big Blue-book is published, in which a despatch from the Secretary of State winds up the protracted controversy, and lays down rules which ought to require no tinkering for at least ten years. Very soon, however, it seems that some contingency has not been anticipated. A deputation then endeavours to do for the last code of rules what a deluge of rain has done for the last decision of the Privy Council. About this time last year we endeavoured to show that, after a vast deal of correspondence, it had been advisedly determined to reduce the age at which candidates might be admitted to compete for the Civil Service of India. Though a wide diversity of opinion then prevailed amongst high officials, the Secretary of State decided on reducing the limit of age to nineteen from twenty-one. It might have been thought that, after an exhaustive controversy, the scheme should be given a fair trial. But in these cases there is always some apprehension which is born a little after its proper time, or some class which the new conditions place at an apparent disadvantage.

We have lately read a clever pamphlet by a Competition-Wallah, who does not sign his name, addressed to a Professor, apparently of some Scotch University, in which the writer contends that Scotchmen and Irishmen will, by the new rules, be prevented from finishing their secondary education at their own Universities. Though the writer sets forth his grievances with considerable ingenuity, his arguments are wholly one-sided; and, indeed, his case is made out entirely to his own satisfaction by quoting only the eminent officials who were for maintaining or extending the limit of age, and by omitting altogether those of at least equal ability, in reliance on whom Lord Salisbury had reduced it. It is sufficient for us to say, on this part of the question, that the new system deserves to have, and must have, a fair trial; and that the reasons for its adoption may be found in the Blue-book published last Session, set out in a correspondence which can be read without ennui, and even with pleasure. But the field is so wide, its importance so paramount, its new features are so peculiar, and its results so intimately connected with the good government of our Indian Empire, that we may fairly devote some space to the examination of other points connected with the discussion, and affecting the present state of the Indian Civil Service.

It does not seem to have occurred to the members of the late deputation or to the writer of the pamphlet that, while they are disputing over the question of a year or two more or less spent in study in England, or about the merits of Major Dalgetty's favourite college, as weighed against Oxford and Cambridge, new changes are threatened in India which in some degree affect the status, career, and expectations of the race of competitors. The question of the advancement of natives to higher and more responsible positions has engaged the attention of every Viceroy or Governor-General since the days of Lord William Bentinck; and at a recent convocation of the University of Calcutta, Lord Lytton, speaking as Chancellor, took the opportunity of making a public announcement that pledges given to the native community regarding their employment in posts of honour and profit had been openly given, and had not been redeemed. How they were to be redeemed, or how exactly these redemptions would affect equally clear and definite pledges held out to the Covenanted Service, Lord Lytton did not explain; and we admit that he appeared to guard vested rights, while there will probably be no want of stout

defenders and eager allies in case any vital blow is aimed at the privileges and dues of Anglo-Indians. We cannot, however, but regard the speech of Lord Lytton as unfortunate. The Viceroy, as Chancellor of the University, has not usually spoken at these meetings at all, but has delegated the delivery of a set annual address to the Vice-Chancellor, who, with a Council, manages the affairs of the University. It must be remembered further, that an address delivered in the Town Hall of Calcutta is practically an address only to the young and intelligent youths of Lower Bengal. In no sense is it a manifesto to the Empire at large, or to the far more manly and vigorous tribes of Western and Upper India. If the Viceroy has made up his mind to reconstitute the Civil Service, to deprive, prospectively, Anglo-Indians of any of their prizes, or even to admit natives from outside to the enjoyment of several of the ordinary district offices hitherto reserved exclusively for the Civil Service, the proper place for any such manifesto would be a speech delivered in the Council Chamber or a careful Resolution issued from the Government of India in the Home Department. But for a Viceroy to take into his confidence the acute Bengali Baboo, who has no want of self-assertion, vanity, or conceit, is nearly as much a political error as if the Prime Minister were to appear as Rector before the University of Glasgow, and to discuss with the professors and students the details of the late Conference at Constantinople, or the intentions of the Cabinet regarding the Suez Canal. It is quite right for the Indian Government, as part of a long-sighted and equitable policy, to educate intelligent natives, to multiply district schools and provincial colleges, to hold out fair prospects to bachelors in arts, science, and law, at Universities modelled on the form of the University of London, and to give to possessors of high degrees opportunities of proving that they can rise superior to the temptations of their age and country, and take part creditably in the administration of public affairs. Nor need we ever apprehend any deficiency in the class of doctrinaires to whom ability to quote Milton and write an English essay on "Government by Aliens" is a guarantee of fitness for every kind of employment in which untested tact, unexamined judgment, and uncrammed knowledge of men are absolutely indispensable.

As some misapprehension may arise amongst candidates and crammers regarding the exact nature of the changes now impending, we take this opportunity of explaining them, having reason to believe that our version will not be found at all wide of the mark. All high Indian authorities are agreed on the policy of employing natives, gradually, in executive and judicial duties, as far as they can be trusted to perform them without detriment to the public service. It has even been suggested that examinations should be held at Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, to admit natives *pari passu* with Englishmen into the ranks of the Civil Service, and so to avoid all difficulties about crossing the dark ocean and losing caste. But the best friends of the natives have long ago come to the conclusion that, to a young and ambitious Hindu, the trip to England is an indispensable part of education. A knowledge gained of the results of our civilization in a residence of two years is worth far more than the intelligent crammer or the fierce competition. Caste has ceased to be a bugbear; at least with Hindus who are beginning to think of Suttie as a mere myth, and to talk of the Hooli as a repulsive saturnalia. It may therefore be taken as certain that recommendations for a local examination in India will never get beyond a show of hands at some ebullition in the Town Hall of Calcutta, or the hasty utterances of an M.P. on the annual Indian Budget. If, then, natives are to enter the Civil Service, as they have done in some instances, the entrance must be effected by the prescribed avenue and under the existing tests. It is often said that we are unduly monopolizing offices and depriving natives of those opportunities of distinction which, under a Hindu Raja or a Mohammedan usurper, they would certainly have commanded. But it seems to be overlooked that the British power is the first which has ever given to India a fixed and stable government conducted on civilized principles, with an official hierarchy, regular grades, promotions, pensions, and that certainty of tenure without which public service becomes a mere scramble or a game of chance. This order and harmony are of our own creation, and we have a clear right to define under what conditions natives shall be admitted to take part in their maintenance. The local Government of Bengal is, we understand, grappling with the difficulty in another way. The present Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Ashley Eden, adopting a scheme laid down by Sir R. Temple before his transfer to Bombay, is desirous of appointing about eleven natives to highly paid judicial appointments, and he would reward about half a dozen others in the executive branches by allotting to them higher emoluments than they have hitherto enjoyed. To place a native in supreme executive and independent charge of a large district, where vigour, fearlessness, and firm impartiality are requisite to deal with men of two rival religions, is simply out of the question. The natives, as yet, have not shown backbone enough. But it may be possible to employ them more largely in the judicial service, and indeed it is in contemplation to relieve the High Courts of some of their arrears, and to appoint an appellate tribunal, between the High Court and the district offices, in which one Judge shall be a native and the other a covenanted civilian, with the prospect of rising to judicial posts of 1,800*l.*, 2,200*l.*, and 3,000*l.* a year. A native would then have no reason to complain of exclusion from high offices.

It seems to us that some such plan as this promises better than well-meaning attempts to flood the regular service with young

Parsees and Bengali graduates of the University; and it gets rid of another difficulty which has already been felt in some measure, and which it was proposed to remove by creating embarrassments of a fresh kind. For instance, it has been said that when you have got your natives into the regular Civil Service by competition, you can utilize their talents by placing them only in that line for which they have evinced a special aptitude. Grant that they cannot be Superintendents of Police, Commissioners of Division, or magistrates in independent charge of districts, still you can convert them into very good assistant or subordinate Judges, into Judges of Districts, and of Appellate and High Courts. To this it is replied that hitherto members of the Civil Service have been thought qualified to fill every kind of post, and to be equal to every sort of responsibility. The Assistant of one generation has expanded in the next into the Lieutenant-Governor or Governor of a Presidency. Commissioners have become Judges of High Courts, and from the High Court men have been taken to fill places in the Secretariat and the Council. Even supposing that henceforth some rigid line will be drawn between the executive and the judicial agency, and that, after a certain period of service, a Civil Servant will be expected to make his final choice between one and the other, yet it will hardly do to lay it down broadly that natives, though to all intents Civil Servants, may fill the one branch and not the other. It would be rather like saying that, in the army, Englishmen are expected to storm hill-forts and to put down insurrections, while Sepoys might collect the revenue, form the reserve, or do duty in autumnal manoeuvres. The correct principle surely is that no one has any business inside the magic circle of the Civil Service of India who cannot be relied on, in theory at least, to do anything and to go anywhere he is bid. Nor are Judges in India so entirely relieved of executive work as is popularly thought. In England a Judge is generally supposed to be an elevated, impartial being, instructed by an intelligent and independent Bar, kept straight, if disposed to err, by a vigilant press, above all local prejudices or political animosity, with nothing to do but to decide cases as they are brought before him, not bound to originate anything or to take any extra-judicial action at all. But a District Judge in India cannot avoid doing many things at which the hair of English barristers would stand on end. He has to exercise a constant supervision over at least half a dozen native subordinates in civil and miscellaneous suits. He is the ultimate appeal from three or four officials vested with criminal powers, and has to come down on them if they are inclined to indulge in vagaries. It is his duty to call for statements and returns, to take the initiative in showing how new enactments are to be worked, to keep files clear, to prevent intricate cases in Courts below him from lagging discreditably, to put suits into proper shape, to decide what evidence shall be called for, to be occasionally counsel for both sides and jury as well as judge, to hold the scales evenly in times of excitement when religious controversy or national antipathies have inflamed men's passions, and to discharge all these duties in places far removed from a healthy opinion, with a dead certainty that his conduct will be adversely criticized by Hindus or by Mahomedans, by English capitalists, by native landholders, by the partisans of the peasant proprietors and the opulent middle men. It is tolerably certain that very few educated natives would stand this test.

Mr. Eden's plan may be open to criticism in details, but something has to be done for the native community; and his scheme seems to us to be freer from objections and to have more of the elements of success about it than any other. If adopted and enlarged, it will necessarily follow that, so far from encouraging young natives to visit England and enter the Civil Service, it may be politic to discourage them and to rule boldly that the Civil or Imperial Service shall be recruited by Englishmen alone. All sorts of alluring proclamations have been addressed to the youths of England to get them to enter that same service. They have been told of early independence and marriage, high responsibilities, and ennobling aims; how one man has been already twice Secretary to his Government, and another has influenced the whole course of vernacular education or the policy of a half-civilized native Court; how far inferior is a clerkship in the City or the cure of a country parish to the ordinary executive charge of a district where the population is numbered by hundreds of thousands. When we talk of redemption of pledges, these pledges must be equally kept with those given to natives, for on their observance depend the good faith of the Government and the loyalty of the service. Mr. Ashley Eden, as we make out, would get out of the dilemma by allotting or creating certain offices to be henceforth filled exclusively by natives, marking out such by very clear and defined lines, outside the Covenanted Service, and assigning to the holders salaries which would gratify their honourable ambition. We should then in future recruit the Civil Service with fewer members, but Englishmen would have a certain field of employment entirely to themselves. Natives would begin work at an early age in India without the expense of an education in England, and they would rise by proved fitness and have no just cause of complaint. The Civil Service, constituted entirely of Englishmen, would still be the body to control, direct, and animate the administration. In this way several great principles would be observed. Natives would have a larger share in the administration of affairs. English scholars would know exactly what to expect, and would not be decoyed under false pretensions. The Government would have agents on whom it could confidently rely to keep up the traditions of office and to maintain a vigorous and firm grasp of

power. It is fortunate that the present Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal is one who knows his native subjects thoroughly, who in past years has undergone unmerited obloquy in defence of their rights, and who may be trusted, while rebuking undue and absurd pretensions, to carry out some well-devised scheme that shall not lower the Civil Service to the level of native capacity, but shall gradually elevate Hindus and Mahomedans to the European standard and measurement.

SOMETHING LIKE A GROCER.

THE Grocers' Company has tasted an unexpected pleasure. To give dinners to distinguished persons has always been among the most valued privileges of the hospitable city corporations; but it does not often fall to their lot to give a dinner to a member of their own mystery. Indeed, as a rule, the craft from which the Company takes its name is no more represented at the Court table than any other. It was not thus with the Grocers' Company on Tuesday. They did honour to Homeric archaeology in the person of Dr. Schliemann, and before the evening was over they discovered that they had been entertaining a grocer unawares. In returning thanks to the Company for drinking his health, the explorer of Troy and Mycenæ claimed to be himself a grocer. This was not a half-jocose and half-condescending speech such as those in which a politician calls himself a working-man. Dr. Schliemann's connexion with the grocery trade has nothing to do with analogies or figure of speech. He began life as a genuine grocer, and he remained a genuine grocer for twenty-eight years. A "general shop" in Mecklenburg was the scene of his first introduction to the trade, and here for five years and a half he sold halfpennyworths of herrings, butter, salt, whisky, sugar, and coffee. It was a white day in the shop calendar if they sold 2*l.* worth of goods in a day. In the next four years he was first porter to a wholesale grocer in Amsterdam, and then correspondent and bookkeeper to another wholesale grocer in the same city. This latter firm sent him out to St. Petersburg as their agent, and there he set up business on his own account, and went on trading until in 1864 he had saved money enough to retire. Dr. Schliemann was still a young man, and, devoted as he was to the grocery trade, he had found time to think of something besides sugar. As soon as he left the general shop at Mecklenburg, he began to make up for his neglected education, and through the twenty years which followed he persisted in continuing his studies. When the opportunity for retirement came, he reaped the benefit of his industry. He found that he had sufficient theoretical knowledge to devote the remainder of his life to Homeric archaeology.

Dr. Schliemann has every right to speak well of grocery, and certainly no apostle ever magnified his office with greater strength of conviction or more plenitude of good will. It is grocery, he says, that has made him what he is. It is to the habits formed in sweet communion with herrings, coffee, and spices that he owes his success as an explorer. Had he not been a grocer, he doubts whether he would ever have discovered Troy, or brought to light the royal sepulchres at Mycenæ. To him the sale of groceries has been a liberal education. Thoroughness, tact, system, and perseverance—these have been the qualifications which have stood him in such good stead during his archaeological explorations, and it is behind the grocer's counter that he has studied and practised them. To do nothing superficially or at the wrong time, to manage men so as to get from every one the best work of which he is capable, to abandon no enterprise until it has yielded its richest fruits, have been the rules of Dr. Schliemann's later career; but it is not at Troy or Mycenæ that he first learned to obey them. The halfpennyworths of the general shop at Mecklenburg and the larger transactions which gave him employment for eighteen years at St. Petersburg have been his real school. It is no wonder that, when such results as these have been gained from the grocer's trade, Dr. Schliemann should hold it in high esteem. We shall not be far wrong, perhaps, if we give a particular application to the praise of commerce in general with which Dr. Schliemann ended his speech. Modesty would not let him say that without grocers there could be no ambition, and without ambition there could be no science, and thus without grocers men would be brutes. Yet this seems scarcely too much to predicate of a trade which evokes and perfects such intellectual and moral virtues as those enumerated by Dr. Schliemann. Perhaps it is to some secret and unsuspected harmony of physical and moral conditions that this superiority is owing. Every one must have noticed the peculiarly searching odour that pervades such a shop as that in which Dr. Schliemann began his career. Subtle influences lead the occasional visitor to put his handkerchief to his nose, or to remove with his finger the tear that wells up unconsciously in his eye. To the rightly constituted spirit these vapours may be like the scent of a pine forest. Vigour of mind and body may be borne on every breeze. The particular pursuits for which Dr. Schliemann was all this time being prepared may also have a special affinity with another aspect of the trade. The explorer of antiquity must know no distinction between the great and the little. The merest trifle may put him on the road which is to end in success. The slightest variation in the contour of the ground may be to him an indication of buried treasure. Just as the study of the classical languages awakens the sense of minute distinctions in style and meaning, the continual observation of sugar or coffee may awaken a sense of minute dis-

tinctions of a physical kind. The merchant who watched the youthful Schliemann thoughtfully weighing a sample of sugar in his palm perhaps deemed that he was only seeking to detect the sand which might be mixed with it, or to divine from its colour or texture the degree of sweetness which it would impart to a customer's pudding. He little dreamed that this seemingly commonplace process was training the faculty which would in the end reveal to its possessor the last resting-place of Agamemnon. Even the habit of making everything up into the minutest possible parcels may not have been without its use at Troy or Mycenæ. A trader who has to do with halfpenny-worths cannot afford to be superficial, or to despise the day of small things.

Are we over-sanguine in regarding this fragment of Dr. Schliemann's autobiography as the key which will unlock more than one of the educational and social problems which perplex our age? What is the want of which men of culture are everywhere complaining most loudly? A career. But if to be a grocer is, so far as training can ensure it, to be a Schliemann, there is surely a career ready to their hands. It has, it is true, been whispered that there are already too many grocers in the world; but this may only hold good of commonplace grocers. Men who bring the whole power of their intellect and the whole strength of their resolution to the trade will probably find that it has capabilities which have never been suspected. It might indeed be well if only those who have some other means of support than their own labour were to take up this fascinating pursuit. Such a limitation might be thought to bear too heavily on those who, with equal powers of profiting by the grocer's craft, would be shut out from it by the inequalities of fortune. But to argue in this way is to forget that differences of wealth are among the postulates of civilized existence. It is a hardship that one clever young man should be sent to the University because his father is rich, while another just as clever has to earn his own living from the time he is sixteen because his father is poor. But it is a hardship which it is no use to moan over, and the privilege of being a grocer ought to be regarded in just the same light. The mention of Universities suggests the inquiry whether there might not be a school or faculty of grocery. Dr. Schliemann has shown, both by precept and practice, what a close alliance there is between this favoured trade and the investigation of classical antiquity, and Oxford and Cambridge might do well to consider whether a new member ought not to be admitted to the sisterhood of the liberal arts. Oxford in particular, which is perpetually remodelling her educational system, might gain a useful hint from Dr. Schliemann's speech. This famous University is sorely troubled what to do with her passmen. She is too conscientious to leave them in the undisturbed enjoyment of that magnificent ignorance with which they mostly come up, and which they would gladly take away with them when they depart. The consequence is that learning has to be broken up into a thousand portions, in the hope that in some one of them a passman may go in and out and find pasture. History is subdivided into almost as many periods as there are centuries; law is administered in doses of homœopathic minuteness; classics are already shorn of their old pre-eminence, and are threatened with still further degradation, and all for the same reason—to provide a passman with a subject in which he may, if possible, pass. Why then should not a man take a degree in grocery as well as in arts, or history, or natural science, or in such fractional parts of these subjects as it pleases the University to accept as a test of proficiency? When the Modern History School was founded at Oxford, Hallam came up to be one of the first examiners, and he thus gave dignity to the new study. In like manner Dr. Schliemann would perhaps consent to be among the first examiners in grocery. The Co-operative Stores might be raised to the rank of affiliated Colleges, since it would be scarcely possible within the precincts of a University town to get sufficient opportunities of study. Tying up parcels or weighing out ounces of pepper is a work which might easily become tame and perfunctory if it was done merely for practice and with no relation to the real business of life. The "assistants" at the Stores might all be undergraduates, and the fees paid by them might help still further to reduce prices. If we seem to have depicted a retail millennium, we can point to Dr. Schliemann for proof that it is not beyond all hope of realization.

THE POETRY PROFESSORSHIP AT OXFORD.

IT may seem rather strange that the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, to which Mr. Shaip has just been elected, should have been founded in what Mr. Mark Pattison has lately designated as *seculum rationalisticum*, the prosaic eighteenth century. To be sure it was close on the beginning of the century that Henry Birkhead, a late Fellow of All Souls, and Barrister of the Inner Temple—not a very poetical vocation—established the Chair and endowed it with the modest stipend of 100*l.* a year. The first professor Joseph Trapp, Fellow of Wadham, was elected in 1708, when the more romantic memories of the previous age may still have lingered in the cloistered Halls of Oxford. The most distinguished occupant of the Chair during that century was Bishop Lowth, as he afterwards became, who held the office from 1741 to 1751. During the first half of the present century it was held by Bishop Copleston and Mr. Keble, whose *Praelectiones* are still remembered as models of pure Latinity; and between them came Dr. Milman. Up to that time the original

provision of the statute of foundation requiring the professors to lecture in Latin had been strictly maintained. Keble was the last man to rebel against such restrictions, though many of his admirers who are little able to appreciate the exquisite scholarship of his two volumes of *Praelectiones*, may be tempted to wish it had been otherwise. And his two essays lately republished, on *Sacred Poetry* and on *Copleston's Praelectiones*, to which may be added that on Sir Walter Scott, where he worked out his theory of the essential nature and characteristics of poetry, will increase their regret that what Dr. Newman calls "his greatest literary work," on the same subject, is in a language they cannot readily follow. At all events the rule was altered soon afterwards, Mr. Matthew Arnold being, we believe, the first Professor to lecture in English. In modern Oxford the ladies would be sure to form an important element in the audience on such occasions; but of the new town that has grown up beyond "the Parks," and the bevy of fair *professorinnen*, as Dean Mansell once styled them, who now overflow not only the galleries of the Union on debate nights but even the sacred precincts of the Convocation House, neither Henry Birkhead nor the recipients of his bounty for a century and a half afterwards ever dreamed. They have come in, like the Sabine women of old, to reconcile the past of the city with its future. And, at least until that undesirable day, if it ever dawns, when the rights of women are finally vindicated and "sweet girl graduates" sit beside their brothers to learn Latin and Greek in the lecture-rooms of Eton and Oxford, we may be sure the ladies will take care that the old restriction shall not be reimposed on the Poetry Professor.

Principal Shaip of St. Andrews, as our readers are aware, was elected to the Chair without opposition on Thursday last, and Oxford will certainly have no reason to regret her choice; indeed we are disposed to think it the best that could have been made. He was elected without opposition because the other competitors had previously retired from the field. But it is worth noting, both for his sake and theirs, that with the exception of one candidate who came forward at the last moment, nobody knew why, and who never had the slightest chance, the field was a formidable one. Of those who would have divided the suffrages of Convocation with Mr. Shaip, if they had been advised to go to the poll, there is not one who would not have more than respectably filled the Chair. And, as it is not held for life, but nominally for five and practically for ten years—for the Professor is almost always re-elected—and the other candidates are younger men than Mr. Shaip, it is pleasant to think that they may have future opportunities of seeking the post. Mr. Palgrave, second son of the late Sir Francis Palgrave, is known both as a writer and critic of poetry, but chiefly in the latter capacity; to the general public he is familiar as the compiler of the *Golden Treasury*. Mr. Symonds, though a younger man, has been a much more voluminous author. His *Studies of the Greek Poets* and his *Renascence in Italy*—the latest volume of which we reviewed the other day—have secured him a wide reputation, though we are not sure that the former work did not partly contribute to his failure in obtaining adequate support at Oxford. The emphatic and unequivocal assertion of "Hellenism" pure and simple in the second volume of his *Greek Poets*, and that in avowed antithesis to the theistic basis of "modern morality," has been, not perhaps unnaturally, quoted against him, and certainly not without effect. In another way, too, he was unfortunate. His old College, Balliol, was necessarily divided between his claims and Mr. Shaip's, both of whom had been formerly Scholars there. His present College, Magdalen, was less than lukewarm in his cause, probably on Conservative grounds, which always play an important part in Oxford elections, for Mr. Symonds is accounted a Liberal, and Magdalen is the traditional stronghold of Conservatism. He had difficulties therefore to contend with, alike theological, political, and collegiate. The remaining candidate, Mr. Courthope of New College, though less widely known than Mr. Symonds and belonging to a very different school of thought, possesses claims far from inconsiderable. Both of them, as appears from his published letters, were intimate friends and correspondents of the late John Conington, whose friendship was in itself a kind of testimonial of distinction; and Mr. Courthope, like Mr. Symonds, has given unmistakable proof of a refined and highly cultivated taste. His *Paradise of Birds* is one of the cleverest and most charming of burlesques, and the articles attributed to him in the *Quarterly Review* are equally remarkable for critical power and felicity of diction. There can be no doubt that either his lectures or Mr. Symonds's, if either of them should hereafter be called to the Chair of Poetry, will be full of interest.

Meanwhile, as we have already intimated, Oxford may safely be congratulated on the choice of Professor Shaip. Like Mr. Courthope, he is an old Newdegate, and a poem of his was published some years ago in *Macmillan*, describing with exquisite grace and delicacy of touch the Balliol of his own day and his companions at the Scholars' table, some of whom have since risen to eminence, while others, whose memories are still fragrant in their old home, have been prematurely called away from earth. But to the general public he is chiefly known by his *Studies in Philosophy and Poetry*—especially the chapters on Wordsworth and Keble—and his *Lectures on Culture and Religion*; and readers of those volumes, whether they always agree with him or not, will be sure to give a ready welcome to any future work from the same pen. How much in point of quantity we are likely to receive from him is another matter. We are not aware what are the exact requi-

ments of the statute, but they certainly are not and could not be made very onerous, while the endowment remains so small. It was urged in Mr. Symonds's favour that, if elected, he would reside part of the year in Oxford and deliver a course of lectures. This, we are afraid, would be impossible for Mr. Shairp, who is Principal of a College in the distant University of St. Andrews, but he might be able perhaps from time to time to come up for a week or a fortnight and lecture at Oxford, where he could always count on meeting with a friendly and appreciative audience. Nor would their appreciation be likely to be diminished by the discovery that to his mind "culture," of which he is hardly a less zealous advocate than Mr. Matthew Arnold himself, can never become in itself a complete and adequate end, or, as he prefers to phrase it—in language which is fairly open to criticism—"seems then only worthy of serious regard when it ministers to faith." Mr. Arnold indeed speaks in hardly less emphatic terms of the religious aspects of culture; but then by religion he means avowedly something very different from what Christian believers usually understand by the name, whereas of Mr. Shairp's genuine faith in Christianity, as it is received by the most cultivated and thoughtful but also most devout members of the Scottish Presbyterian Communion, his writings leave us in no manner of doubt. To him the true poet is necessarily a *vates sacer*, discharging something of the office of a prophet and a priest. And if there is any ground for charging a school of highly-wrought classical æstheticism, which is rising into notice in our own day, with a tendency to reproduce the evil influences of that Pagan revival of the fifteenth century so elaborately exhibited in Mr. Symonds's latest publication, the new Professor of Poetry is just the man to detect and expose it, not with the sledge-hammer of a Philistine iconoclast, but with the discriminating sympathy of a friend to whom Plato is dear but truth is dearer. He admits that, ideally considered, "culture, or the impulse in man to seek his own perfection," ought to culminate in "religion, or the impulse in man to seek God"; but he will not allow the former to usurp the name and place of the latter, and insists that in Greece, the birthplace of intellectual culture, such religion as there was was divorced from morality. Hellenism, to use the terminology of another "culturist," is only safe, in his judgment, when it recognizes the higher claim of Hebraism. "Jerusalem is the fountain-head of religious knowledge to the world, as Athens is of secular." But we must not diverge into a comment on Mr. Shairp's earlier writings. We have only referred to them in order to show in what spirit he may be expected to treat the many-sided and inspiring theme on which it will henceforth be his duty to discourse from the Chair which he has been so fitly called to occupy at Oxford.

MORMON DIFFICULTIES.

It has long been foreseen that some day or other there must in all probability be a collision between the United States Government and the so-called Church of the Latter Day Saints, or, as they are commonly styled, Mormons, of Utah, though when it will come is still doubtful. The peculiar social and political character of the latter body necessarily makes it an anomalous element in American life, and a standing difficulty for the Government; and from time to time there has been an apparent danger of an open rupture; and, indeed, more than once actual strife. In 1857 President Buchanan in an official address recommended that an imposing military force should be despatched against the Mormons for the purpose of compelling them to submit to the authority of the States; and in 1859 an army under General Johnston took the field, but did not make much head against the Nauvoo Legion, and after a while was withdrawn. Again, in 1870, the House of Representatives passed a Bill for depriving the Mormon polygamists of the rights of citizens, and punishing them by fine and imprisonment; but this was only an empty threat. On the whole, then, it would seem that the Mormons have pretty well held their ground, and that in the United States there is a disposition to let things alone. Recently, however, the trial of John D. Lee, a prominent member of the Mormon community, for having taken a leading part in a massacre in 1857 of Arkansas emigrants while on their way through the Salt Lake country, has tended to reopen the question of the relations between the States and the Mormons. Lee was convicted of the crime of which he was accused, and executed in March last; and before his death he wrote out a confession, as to which there is a certain degree of mystery, but which is said to contain statements implicating other leading men in Utah. It is difficult to say whether the hostility of the Americans to the Mormons is at present very deep or only superficial; but the *New York Herald* has taken the lead in stirring up an agitation on the subject, and calling for a complete and exhaustive inquiry as to the Mountain Meadows massacre, which was certainly a very horrible affair—not only men, but women and children, being slaughtered in cold blood. According to the Mormon explanation of the event, it was got up by the Indians, and the Mormons were only accidentally mixed up with it; but the evidence at Lee's trial clearly proved that the murderous outrage was not only mainly perpetrated, but deliberately planned, by the Mormons. Indeed, there can be very little doubt that Lee, though he played the chief part in the business, was not the only person responsible for what occurred, for he would never have dared to do so on his own account, and without some kind of orders or instigation from his

superiors. It is also asserted that there is a long list of known murders or suspected assassinations to be inquired into.

How far these charges can be brought home to those against whom they are directed, among whom the principal one is of course Brigham Young himself, it is impossible at present to know; but, in the meantime, the *New York Herald* is certainly doing all it can to bring about a crisis. Almost every day it has some alleged revelations as to the conduct of the Mormon leaders, or fierce denunciations of Mormonism generally. "Away then," it says in one of its articles, "with this bestial, blasphemous, and bloodstained congregation, which insults God in the midst of His grandest works, and the noblest and grandest feelings of man under the flag of our Republic. Let Mormonism be extirpated from the land by the Samson of the law, even if its adherents should be buried beneath the ruins of its temple." The headings of the news columns are in a similar strain:—"Satan's Agencies," "A Mormon Wife and Mother pictures her Degradation," "The Reign of Terror vividly described," "Mormon Rebels," "Brigham's Blood Address," "Crimes to be Punished," and so on. The *Herald*, in fact, has in its characteristic way opened up a public inquisition into the alleged crimes of the Mormons without waiting for the official intervention of the United States Government. It is stated, indeed, that the Grand Jury at "Salt Lake City will meet on the 21st inst." (May); and that "subpoenas are issued for a formidable number of witnesses in criminal cases; and arrests of murderers, who have had immunity for years, are imminent in the mountains and along the borders where they have secluded themselves"; and the suggestive remark is added:—"The sword of justice hangs over the roof of many a suspected assassin eminent in the councils of the Mormon priesthood, and it is not unlikely that the doctrine of blood atonement will be brought before the close of summer home to their hearts and throats." This style of language has naturally created a good deal of excitement in Utah, and the leading men protest indignantly against it. It is also said that the Mormon militia, formerly put down by the American authorities, has now been reorganized, and is secretly drilling. However this may be, it seems to be true that the Governor of the Territory has asked the Secretary of War to reinforce the United States garrison in Utah, his reasons being, as reported by a Correspondent of the *Herald*, that "there is here an anomalous condition of affairs, the population of the Territory being composed of two distinct elements, the Mormons and the Gentiles, and at a critical juncture there might be more or less conflict between them"; and "the presence of additional Federal soldiers would have a salutary effect." It is calculated that the population of Utah consists of 100,000 Mormons and 15,000 Gentiles, the Mormons in Salt Lake City being about 16,000 and the Gentiles only 4,000. Under these circumstances, it may be assumed that, if a conflict occurred, the minority would be in a very hopeless position, unless they obtained the support of the Federal troops. It is possibly because they rely on this that the Gentiles have had the boldness to hold a meeting in which they have passed resolutions denouncing polygamy, and calling for its suppression. It is proposed that "any persons practising bigamy or polygamy shall be entirely disfranchised, and cut off from any share in the affairs of the Territory; that they shall not be eligible to vote or hold any office of trust or emolument under the law, and shall be practically branded as criminals by their fellow-men." Mr. Brigham Young, however, says, "he does not believe in polygamy, which means a plurality of wives and husbands, but only in polygyny," as he calls it, "which means a plurality of wives."

It is necessary of course to be cautious as to accepting the reports that appear in such a paper as the *New York Herald*, which may have for its object merely the dissemination of sensational news for commercial purposes. The sort of testimony which is published in its columns against the Mormons tends in a certain degree to justify this suspicion, for it is of a very worthless kind. For instance, no authentic copy of Lee's confession has come to light; and the gossip and scandal of such persons as Mrs. Webb, "mother of Ann Eliza, the recently divorced wife of Brigham Young"; Mrs. Orson Pratt, the wife of the apostle of that name, who quarrelled with her husband as to the number of his wives, and now supplies an account of his "Harem" to a newspaper; or "Idaho Bill," who is "reported to be as freakish and slippery a scamp as there is in all this Western region," and is, in fact, a convict in prison at this moment, cannot inspire much confidence. Still, from what is known of the circumstances of the case, it is not improbable that the general statements as to possible disturbances, though they may be exaggerated, rest upon a basis of fact. There can be little doubt that the Mormon community contains in itself the seeds of its future dissolution. The Mormon settlers in the United States were expelled from Missouri and Illinois, where they had first established themselves; and it was only by securing for a time complete isolation in Utah that they obtained a footing in the country. They were for a series of years a people quite by themselves, with no strangers to trouble them; and if they could have maintained this seclusion, the difficulties which now beset them would not have occurred. It is the opening up of the region by the Pacific Railway which has in a great measure broken down the conditions under which alone the Mormon community could exist in its peculiar form. Though the Gentiles within its bounds are still a small minority, they are increasing both in numbers and influence, and may be expected to continue to do so. Moreover, there are signs that the Mormons do not hold together as they

used to do. Differences of opinion have arisen as to the system, and it would appear that, though polygamy still prevails in theory, it is not so generally practised as formerly. The authority which Brigham Young has hitherto possessed has been due to his connexion with Joseph Smith, and also, in a large degree, to his own tact and energy. He has had to deal with a very ignorant and fanatical set of subjects, by whom he has been accepted as receiving direct inspiration from Heaven, and therefore entitled to blind and implicit obedience when he issues a decree. Moreover, the early comers were hard-working, spare-living people who were content with a very simple style of life, and the produce of their hands. But now, in all these respects, a change has been going on which cannot fail to spread. The introduction of the Gentile element as permanent residents; the multitude of strangers from all parts who visit Utah every year; the growth of trade and commercial relations with the outside world; the accumulation of wealth and taste for luxury in the richer classes, must all tend to disturb old habits and traditions, while freedom of thought and new ideas are continually impairing the ignorant devotion of the lower classes who formerly formed the bulk of the community. Utah is now an open Territory, and the inhabitants cannot long resist the influences to which they are exposed. The colonization of the region by the "Gentiles" will also be quickened by the railway communications which now exist, and the progressive cultivation of the land; and the organized institutions of the Republic will thus be brought close upon a community which cannot retain its special character amidst such associations. If the Federal Government were to resolve to clear off the Mormons by force, it would no doubt be met by a desperate resistance; but there is no likelihood of this unless it is provoked by serious disorders, and the law has other means of bringing about an assimilation of the Saints to the body of the nation in the practice of morality and submission to civil authority.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY. IV.

IN our second article on the Royal Academy we were still considering the pictures in the Great Gallery, and had not yet noticed a fine work by Mr. Pettie (272), "A Lady of the Seventeenth Century." This is painted in obvious imitation of Vandyck's manner, and perhaps one cannot give it higher praise than by saying that the imitation is successful. The lady, who stands in an easy yet imposing attitude, wears a light blue dress relieved with a red flower at the breast, and over the dress hangs a black cloak with a fur edging. The painting of the different textures is masterly and unaffected, and the flesh tints are firm without roughness. On the same wall hangs Mr. John Collier's portrait of Mrs. Forster (262), which, although less striking than the companion picture which we have already noticed, is an excellent, straightforward piece of work. A portrait by another young painter, Mr. A. Stuart Wortley, "The Countess of Wharncliffe" (240), is painted with much care and gives evidence of the artist's progress; but it is unfortunately hung. Mr. Watts's portrait of Miss Dorothy Tennant (267) is less pleasing than Mr. Millais's rendering of the same subject, which was exhibited, if we remember rightly, two years ago. Mr. Sant has two portraits in this room (164, 212). Mr. Poynter sends a portrait of Mrs. Archibald Milman (169) which is extremely hard, and in which the tapestry at the back is so painted that one of the figures stands out in bold relief, and may at a first glance be taken for an actual person.

Among the subject pictures the most charming in this gallery, and, we are disposed to think, the most charming in the whole Academy, is Mr. Leighton's "Music Lesson" (209). This is an exquisitely lovely representation of a young mother clad in loose drapery of green, white, and gold, teaching the hand of a child dressed in blue to touch rightly the strings of an instrument resembling a guitar. The feet and part of the legs of both figures are bare, and hang over the couch on which they are sitting with marvellous grace. The tender and graceful feeling of the group is as perfect as is the harmonizing of the different tints employed; and it is impossible to imagine anything more beautiful than the flesh tints. It might be said that no real flesh is quite so smooth and clear as this, and perhaps the best answer to such a criticism would be that the fact is unfortunate. Quite as lovely in treatment, but less full of poetry, is Mr. Leighton's "Study" (268), a charming little girl in a pink dress, bending with childlike seriousness over a large book. Mr. Calderon's picture (215), to which are affixed Mr. Tennyson's lines beginning "Home they brought her warrior dead," is a somewhat disappointing work. In the figure of the widow who, kneeling on the ground, clasps her child to her breast, there is pathos; but it is marred by the vulgarity of the group on the left, in which an odious little girl is peering over the back of a chair to see what goes on, just as she might over the front of a box at a pantomime. The steel-clad toes and legs of the dead warrior on the bed are not very happily managed, and the white cap of the commonplace old nurse, who bears her ninety years with surprising alacrity, is painfully prominent. Mr. Faed's "In Time of War" (266), if, as one would think, it is intended to be pathetic, has not hit its mark with any great success. It is a large and elaborate study of a cottage interior, containing a mother and child, two boys asleep on a bed, a cat, and various basins, pans, and boots, which are portrayed with great

reality. Why it should be called "In Time of War," it is difficult to imagine. Mr. Eyre Crowe's "Silkworms" (184) is an elaborate and uninteresting representation of a group of Bluecoat boys excited over those creatures for which schoolboys have a strange fondness. "Strangers Yet" (186), by Mr. W. Sellon, and "The Cares of a Family" (230), by Mr. W. B. Baird, are both clever and pleasant studies of birds. "La Siesta" (251), by Miss Florence Bonneau, hanging next to the last-named picture, is a graceful and careful picture, suggested perhaps by Mr. Alma-Tadema's works, of a Roman woman lying lazily by the side of a bath or impluvium. The colour in the foreground is killed by the too great warmth of the reflections at the back. Mr. Marks's "A Bit of Blue" (246) is a charmingly minute representation of an old gentleman handling with loving care a lately arrived china treasure. The truth of the accessories is admirable, and the only point to which exception can be taken is the painting of the hands, which are far less real than the china, or even the shavings in which it has been wrapped. Among the landscapes not yet noticed we may for the present point to Mr. Vicat Cole's "Summer Showers" (239), the truth of which is marred by the solidity of the sky and water, and Mr. Aumonier's "Easton Broad, Suffolk" (265), which is a large and happy example of this painter's style.

Turning for a while to the Grosvenor Gallery, we will, out of several contributions from Mr. Tissot, who is not represented at the Royal Academy, consider first the most ambitious of his pictures. This, which is numbered 22, and hangs with his others in the East Gallery, is the first of a series which is described in the Catalogue as a "Poem in five parts." There seems no more reason why a series of paintings should be called a poem than why Mr. Whistler's strange performances should be called Harmonies and Nocturnes. If it is intended to suggest that the pictures are full of poetical feeling, then the suggestion, as far as at least as this particular one is concerned, is, we venture to think, misleading. The explanation of the picture in the Catalogue runs thus:—"I. The Challenge. The Will, attended by two pages, Audacity (active) and Silence (passive), triumphs over Vice and Temptation." Vice and Temptation are, we imagine, represented by the hideous figure, half woman half tigress, which lies prostrate in the foreground. A lay figure in the guise of a woman, with a leg exhibiting the agony of stiffness peculiar to lay figures' legs, tramples on this prostrate form. The figure is habited in armour, beneath which various signs of modern dress may be detected, while the arrangement of the hair is evidently modern. Possibly the four uncompleted pictures which are to belong to the series may in time throw some light on the painter's meaning; meanwhile, the first of the set appears to be a performance of considerable humour. In the same gallery hangs a "Portrait of Lady Lindsay" (of Balcarres), by Mr. Watts (34). Apart from the question of technical excellence, we are inclined to prefer the treatment of the same subject by Sir Coutts Lindsay in the West Gallery (43). Three pictures by Mr. Albert Moore, of varying sizes (50, 51, 52), have all the charm of combined softness and strength which this painter always gives to the figures that he clothes with daintily disposed drapery, coloured so that the eye loves to rest on it. M. Legros sends nine works. In some respects the most striking of these are four studies (72, 73, 74, 75), executed in two hours each before his pupils at the Slade Schools. The mastery and facility exhibited in them are very great. The same painter's "Le Chaudronnier" (78), which has been seen before in London, is a fine treatment of a commonplace subject, while "Le Cloître Espagnol" (79) is a successful imitation of the somewhat pedantic yet impressive style of certain Dutch masters.

Returning to the Royal Academy and passing into Gallery IV., we may notice the humour of Mr. E. Benson's "The Last Worshipper" (289), and the want of any real humour in Mr. Calderon's "Reduced Three per Cents" (311). Near to this hangs Mr. Marks's "The Spider and the Fly" (313), a cavalier habited in yellow sitting on the table of an old usurer, with whom he is driving a bargain. Here the painter's great command of detail comes out in full force, and the only objection to be taken to the general effect is that the cavalier's yellow costume is not altogether pleasant in tone. Mr. Joseph Knight's "A Tidal River" (329) is a fine landscape, and so, in a naturally warmer tone, is Mr. F. A. Bridgman's "Towing on the Nile" (344). Near this is a picture called "Critics on Costume; Fashions Change" (343), by Mr. Horsley, R.A., upon which we can only observe that it is unfortunate that Mr. Horsley's fashion of painting does not change. Mr. A. W. May's landscape, "A Bend in the River" (359), is a work of much delicacy, in which something of Corot's feeling for the changing moods of nature has been caught. The picture represents a cool green island or eyot in the middle of a river, with adjuncts in the foreground of trees, rushes, and herons. The soft light on sky and water is excellent, and the whole aspect of the scene singularly true. A yet more charming landscape is Mr. Mark Fisher's "The Meadows" (364), a picture of cattle in a sodden field which is so painted as to be refreshing to look at. Mr. Morris's "The Heir of the Manor" (374) is a pretty composition, full of sunlight. Sir John Gilbert's "Doge and Senators of Venice in Council" (366) is a fine work, more happy in colour than the same painter's larger contribution in the great gallery. Mr. John O'Connor's "High Level Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne" (368) brings the scene which the painter has chosen with striking reality before the spectator.

THE THEATRES.

THE management of the Lyceum Theatre has not perhaps done unwisely in varying the course of Shakspeare which it has for some time past set before its audiences. One may weary even of the best entertainments for body or mind if there is no break or change in them. Mr. Irving, upon whom falls the weight of all stage entertainments provided at the Lyceum, made some striking successes in the regions of melodrama before it was discovered that he could play Hamlet; and it is natural enough that, after the magnificent melodrama of *Richard III.*, he should betake himself to something which is still melodramatic, though not in so magnificent a way. There would have been a more complete change, and possibly a more complete success, if the actor had appeared in some part of high comedy, or, to use a technical expression, in some "character-part" which, while it would have afforded him rest, would also have given more scope for art than the comparatively simple task upon which he is now engaged. His performance, indeed, of this task appears to us to suffer somewhat from a desire to make an elaborate study of a character, or rather of two characters, which are too roughly drawn to admit of any great fineness in their interpretation. The authors of *Le Courier de Lyon* saw their account in a supposed case of mistaken identity which obtained great celebrity; and, adapting the facts to stage purposes, they made the supposed innocent man as good as possible, and painted with corresponding blackness the highwayman said to have committed the crime for which another suffered. We have said the supposed innocent man, because, as has lately been pointed out by an ingenious critic, there seems to be considerable doubt whether after all it was not Lesurques who was concerned in the robbery for which he was executed. And the same critic has called attention to the fact that Lesurques, far from being the angel that he is represented to be in his domestic relations, was a man whose private character did not at all bear being pried into. On the other hand, although Dubosc was a professional robber, while Lesurques, if he was a robber at all, was only an amateur, he can scarcely have been the utter fiend which the playwrights have made of him. Of course the object of the stage is not, or ought not to be, to give an absolutely exact picture of real life; and we only point to these facts because the contrivers of *Le Courier de Lyon* made a blunder in giving too much of the stage glamour to the facts which supplied them with their play. In the effort after effect they defeated their own object, just as, to our thinking, Mr. Irving has somewhat spoilt his performance in the play by too much anxiety to make it striking.

The original French play from which that now performed at the Lyceum is taken was called *Le Courier de Lyon*, and was produced at the Gaité in Paris in 1850. It was adapted for the English stage by Mr. Charles Reade, under the astounding title of *The Courier of Lyons*, and produced by Mr. Charles Kean at the Princess's Theatre in London in 1854. That a writer of Mr. Charles Reade's ability and knowledge should have made so strange a slip as was made in the title of the adaptation is surprising. "*The Courier of Lyons*" is just exactly such a translation of "*Le Courier de Lyon*" as "*Le Postillon de Calais*" would be of "*The Calais Mail*." *Courrier* in this instance means neither more nor less than mail-coach, as to which fact any one can satisfy himself by reference, if it is needed, to Littré. But indeed the employment of the word *courrier* in this sense is so frequent in French that it is difficult to understand how for many years actors and audiences can have allowed it to be supposed that the title of the play carries even a suggestion of the presence of the "courier" or guard of the mail, who, to judge from the English title long in use, should be a personage in the drama, and who really has nothing to do with it except to come on the stage and be killed. The exact translation of "*Le Courier de Lyon*" is "*The Lyons Mail*." This title was first given to the play by Mr. J. W. Clark, who wrote a very clever version of it for the A. D. C. at Cambridge; and in adopting this title the management of the Lyceum has done well. It was however not so well conceived to perpetuate the original blunder in bills which stated that the play was first produced in Paris under the title of "*The Courier of Lyons*." The same bills dwelt in moving terms upon the immense power of the stage as a moral agent, and supported this view by recording the wish of the Lesurques family that the real name of their ancestor should be used in the play, and their gratitude to the playwrights for so using it. Whether the name of Lesurques ever has been used in the play in Paris or not we cannot say; but it is quite certain that its use has been forbidden for some time past by the censorship, and that it is not used now. The play is still occasionally performed in Paris; but it is produced, not for the sake of whoever undertakes the two parts of Lesurques and Dubosc, but for that of M. Paulin Menier, who, out of the part of Choppard, the horsedealer, has made a study somewhat analogous to that which Mr. Sothorn made of Lord Dundreary. The character was originally a subordinate one, but the actor, by means of some influence which appeals to a certain kind of Parisian audience, has made it the prominent feature of the piece. In the representation at the Lyceum this is certainly not the case; indeed, with two exceptions, there is nothing that calls for praise of any sort except Mr. Irving's well-meaning, but not altogether happy, attempt to apply his great and peculiar talent to a performance which is hardly worth so much trouble.

Although *Le Courier de Lyon* is a well-known play, it may not be amiss, before attempting any detailed criticism of its performance, to give a brief sketch of its plot. M. Joseph Lesurques, of Paris, is a man possessed of all virtues, and respected for that possession; he is moreover so wealthy that it is a delight to him to help his father, who is somehow an innkeeper in difficulties at Lieursaint, by an anonymous gift of money. To bestow this he rides down to the inn secretly, and disappears with equal secrecy. Within a few minutes of his disappearance arrives Dubosc, a robber celebrated for his prowess, at the head of a band bent on robbing the Lyons Mail. The resemblance between Lesurques and Dubosc is, in the play, so extraordinary that old Lesurques, shot for his untimely interference by Dubosc, conceives the bullet to have been discharged by his own son, and is so fixed in his belief that all his son's passionate protestations shake him not a whit in his conviction. The rest of the piece is occupied with the confusion arising out of the strange resemblance between the two men, which hurries Lesurques to a death that he only escapes by the treachery of one of Dubosc's comrades. The piece has this capital fault, which has been pointed out in another criticism—that it depends upon a confusion of which the audience is made aware from the very beginning. Setting this aside, the aim of the actor who plays the two parts of Dubosc and Lesurques should be to indicate that the two men are indeed different, but yet so alike that people knowing both might readily confound them even when life and death depended on their accuracy. Mr. Irving has gone too far in his desire to show the different natures of the two men, and has neglected too much the likeness which is requisite for stage purposes. His Lesurques is a man of spare build, whose courtesy and gentle character are, if anything, too plainly marked in his whole speech and conduct. His Dubosc is a burly ruffian of an English rather than a French type, whose hoarse, sullen voice and repulsive features are represented with a reality so great, and are so absolutely different from anything belonging to Lesurques, that the confusion between the two men becomes as inconceivable to the spectators of the play as it was to the judges of the actual trial. It is utterly impossible that the father of Lesurques could have taken the red-nosed scoundrel with down-drawn mouth, heavy jaw, broad shoulders, and villainous voice, who shoots him, for his own son, mild alike in words and gestures, even though he imagined him to be masquerading to conceal his purpose. Mr. Irving's rendering of the two characters and his alternate assumption of one and the other is a feat of undoubted skill; but it is both more and less than the play demands. For the rest, the actor seemed to us strangely to miss the force of certain pathetic passages in the part of Lesurques, while he needlessly exaggerated other passages in that of Dubosc. To see an injured woman stabbed by a ruffian can never be a pleasant sight even on the stage; and it would be well to shorten the struggle which ends in this stabbing between Dubosc and Jeanne. In the last act Mr. Irving represents Dubosc, who from a window in a cabaret is watching for the execution of Lesurques, as drunk. This may seem strange when one remembers that Dubosc makes himself known to his associates by drinking a bottle of brandy at a sitting. The bottle in the Lyceum representation is but poorly represented; but that is nothing, nor is it perhaps much that Mr. Irving should choose to make the villain drunk in the last scene. But we cannot think that a trick by which in this scene Mr. Irving gains much applause is either happily conceived or executed. The actor, in the climax of his triumph and drunkenness, drags himself with his back turned to the audience to a window at the back of the stage, whence he looks for the fatal tumble; and then, lying flat on his stomach, he kicks up his heels with delight. The action reminds one irresistibly of some lines which used to be sung in a burlesque by Mr. Robson:—"Old Joe a-kicking up hind and afore, And Columbine a-kicking up hind old Joe." We have said that the rest of the performance is not particularly good. Mr. Mead's performance of old Lesurques is, however, charged with feeling and dignity; and Miss Isabel Bateman's rendering of Jeanne wants nothing but better command of gesture to make it a performance worthy of much praise. Courriol is a part which should be well played—a highwayman who is at the same time a dandy. From the performance at the Lyceum it is quite possible to believe that Courriol was a highwayman, but it is absurd to imagine that he could be received in any private house, even in the days of the Directory. The management, by the way, might have done well to bring the costumes into far more strict accordance with the date of the play; and at the same time it may be observed that, as the price of the stalls has been for some time raised, a proportionate decrease in the offensive and, in the event of a panic, dangerous, narrowness between the rows might have been made with advantage.

L'Ami Fritz, which has been played by M. Febvre and a French company at the Gaiety, we criticized while it was being performed under more favourable conditions at the Théâtre Français. With the exception of M. Febvre's part, the only part well filled here was that of Suzel, played by Mlle. Lody, who, though far from equal to Mlle. Reichenberg, has much merit. The performances of Sheridan Knowles's *Love Chase* at the Haymarket have given Mr. Chippendale an occasion for exhibiting his excellent style in a suitable part; and have added to other proofs which Mr. Harold Kyrle has given of his talent and industry. To the comparatively small part of Truworth Mr. Kyrle, by his good diction and gesture, gave an importance which one might not think it capable

of assuming. Mrs. Chippendale was amusing as Widow Green. Miss Amy Sedgwick played Constance, and was appallingly lively in the scene from which Lady Gay Spanker's speech in praise of hunting in *London Assurance* would seem to be taken.

THE DERBY.

TWO events occurred during the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket to break the monotony of one of the quietest weeks of the season. The ill-advised alteration of racing law which reduced the minimum weight in handicaps from 5 st. 7 lbs. to 4 st. 7 lbs. was repealed by a decisive vote of the Jockey Club; and a new candidate for Derby honours was discovered in Altire, a small, but muscular and compactly framed, son of the famous Blair Athol. The meeting of the Jockey Club was well and influentially attended; and though the authors of the new rule and their nine supporters stuck to their opinions, despite the storm of opposition they had excited on all sides, twenty-one adverse votes effectually settled the fate of the obnoxious law, which had happily not lasted long enough to be put into force. As a general rule, these sudden changes of mind on the part of a legislative body are much to be deprecated. A Parliament which passed laws one Session and repealed them the next would soon cease to command respect; and it is an accepted principle that, when once a measure has been fairly discussed and has received the sanction of the Legislature, a fair trial should be given to it. The same rule holds good, or ought to hold good, as regards the Parliament of the Turf, which, in its small way, watches over the interests of racing and commands the confidence of racing men. It would be intolerable if laws were to be perpetually made, unmade, and remade, just according to the caprice of the moment or the accidental presence or absence of members of a particular way of thinking. Neither the racing nor any other community would long submit to a tribunal which did not know its own mind for two weeks together. In the present instance, however, the emergency was so pressing and the grievance so flagrant, that the real strength of the Jockey Club, in numbers as well as in influence, was justified in asserting itself. Besides, it was the promoters of the objectionable innovation who were the first to break through the wholesome rule to which we have referred. The new code of Racing Law, on which a carefully selected Committee had been engaged for many months, and which had received the deliberate sanction of the entire Jockey Club, had actually been in force only a few weeks when an attack was made on one of its most vital enactments and a chance victory snatched. In securing the prompt reversal of this rash and ill-judged proceeding, the majority of the Jockey Club have simply declined to upset the work of their Committee before its merits have been fairly tried. In this they would have been fully justified, even if the recent change had been of the most harmless character; but its manifest tendency to revive one of the worst abuses of racing furnished an additional argument in favour of the prompt action they have taken.

The appearance of Altire in the front rank of the Derby favourites was quite unlooked for; and in the present dearth of first-class English horses, the discovery of anything good enough to be a rival to the all-conquering foreigners was decidedly welcome. As a two-year-old Altire did nothing deserving consideration. He ran twice, and on both occasions failed to get anywhere near the front. So little was thought of him after these inglorious performances, that his owner had almost resolved to turn him out of training. The intention, however, was not carried into effect; and, another chance being given to Altire, he availed himself of it to retrieve his character. At the recent Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket he won all his engagements in brilliant style; the first over the Ditch mile, the second over the Cesarewitch course, and the third over the Rowley mile, the judge's verdicts being eight lengths, fifteen lengths, and six lengths respectively. The horse, in fact, won his three races without being extended, and it was this rather than the quality of his antagonists—the best of whom were Zee, First Spring, and Plaisante—that created so general an impression in his favour. It is not every day that a horse comes out who can both go fast and stay, and it was not Altire's fault that his victories were gained in moderate company. He won all his races with consummate ease, and no horse could do more. A more reasonable objection to Altire was his diminutive size, and it was considered that when it came to racing, horses like Chamant and Pellegrino would be sure to outstride him. For all that, and especially as the field for the Derby promised to be neither very large nor of very exceptional merit, Altire's chance of obtaining a place was held in high estimation, and he was deservedly supported with great spirit for the inferior honours of the great Epsom race. In other respects nothing happened at home during the Second Spring week to throw light on the Derby, while abroad the defeat of Fontainebleau by Jongleur showed that Chamant would be rid of one of his most formidable antagonists. M. Lapin's horse disposed of Verneuil so easily in the French Two Thousand that, if all had gone well and he had taken a part in the English Derby, he must have stood a fair chance against Chamant; but, unfortunately, he went amiss, and was coughing badly when his owner spiritedly, but not very prudently, brought him out to run against Jongleur. Strachino also showed such indifferent form in the Two Thousand that there could be little hope for him at Epsom; and thus the foreign division, which threatened to be

exceptionally strong this year, dwindled down at last to Chamant alone, who, however, was a host in himself. From the day of the Two Thousand almost up to the eve of the Derby the position of Chamant grew stronger and stronger, and the conviction was confirmed that none of the horses that finished behind him at Newmarket had a chance of reversing positions at Epsom. Brown Prince and Silvio might get places as they got them before, or at any rate might occupy forward positions; but winning, in the face of Chamant's great public performances, seemed out of the question. The danger to the French horse, if danger there was, must be looked for outside the Two Thousand field. Plunger would have had adherents had it not been so evident that all had not gone well with him during the winter; and both Pellegrino and Rob Roy had hosts of friends. The former should have improved considerably since last year to be on equal terms with Chamant, who in the Middle Park Plate gave him 6 lbs. and a head beating; and the inglorious display a month ago of his stable companion Morier caused his pretensions to be regarded with some suspicion. Still the Derby is an uncertain race, and Tattenham Corner is often fatal to the best horse, and so Pellegrino maintained his position pretty well. Rob Roy won his two engagements as a two-year-old with great ease, and of his speed there could be no doubt. The question was, could he stay as well as go fast? and a favourable answer to that had been taken on credit. He declined his rich autumn engagements last year—an event so rare in these mercenary days as to be to a certain extent suspicious; but, on the other hand, he enjoyed the most implicit confidence of his owner and trainer, who fully believed him to be the best horse of his year. As for the remainder of the probable starters, such as Grey Friar, Touchet, and Jagellon, their chances were hardly thought deserving of serious consideration.

At the beginning of the present week, therefore, everything looked well for the adherents to public form. Verneuil's close race with Jongleur for the French Derby could not fail to be gratifying to the friends of Chamant; for Jongleur has never been beaten, and has won all his races in good company. The very next day, however, there was a terrible revolution in the state of affairs. The rumour spread that Chamant had met with some accident; and an accident three days before the Derby can hardly fail to be an irreparable disaster. The horse at once retired from the proud position he had so long held as first favourite, and for a time there seemed a doubt whether he would appear at Epsom at all. Subsequently there was a reaction; but that something had happened there was no doubt. It was no idle *canard* about an accident, and the arrival of Chamant at Epsom failed to revive the waning confidence of his friends. At the very same moment came the news that Pellegrino was scratched; and thus the first, second, and third in the Middle Park Plate, representing the best form of the year, were virtually *hors de combat* for the Derby. Such a succession of accidents in the foremost ranks of the three-year-olds has rarely if ever occurred; but fate, which has dealt so unkindly with Chamant, Pellegrino, Plunger, and Fontainebleau, was more merciful to Silvio, Touchet, Brown Prince, and others of the second-class division. They came to the post fit and well enough, and to them and such as them the Derby was left.

The throng was as great as ever in the Paddock, and of course Chamant, who was one of the early arrivals, was the great object of curiosity. Though looking in splendid condition, the son of Mortemer was obviously lame; and, indeed, those about him made no secret of the fact, and it was probably more to satisfy the public than from any belief in his capability to win that he was brought to Epsom. His lameness was still more apparent when he cantered; and, after allowing the public to see what was really the matter with him, it would have been only fair to a gallant horse to have spared him an unavoidable defeat. Altire and Silvio were both liked, and the latter was considered well suited to the course; while the absence of Rob Roy from the Paddock was generally regretted. Brown Prince looked clumsy and deficient in quality, and Plunger, though dexterously patched up for the occasion, was sadly deficient in muscle, and his trainer had evidently been afraid to give him real hard work. In the preliminary canter Rob Roy and Altire attracted most attention, both going freely and well, while Chamant went very stiffly, and as if in pain. Though the field numbered seventeen, a more commonplace lot has seldom been seen, more than half of them being hardly up to average handicap form. Happily, they gave no trouble at the post, and were despatched at the very first attempt. The running was made by an extreme outsider, Glen Arthur, who went away with a good lead, maintained it to within fifty yards of the judge's chair, and only succumbed at last, after a well-fought and well-riden finish, by half a length. In a Derby of mediocrities it was fitting that an unknown and uncareful outsider should well nigh snatch away the prize. For the last quarter of a mile there was a good race between Rob Roy, Silvio, and Glen Arthur, and Lord Falmouth's horse, running with great gameness, just got the best of the struggle; and, considering that Glen Arthur had made the whole of the running, it was creditable to him to make so good a fight at the finish. Rob Roy made up a great deal of lost ground in the last two hundred yards, and was rapidly gaining on the leaders at every stride. It is said that he experienced some disappointment at Tattenham Corner, where every year some of the Derby field have their hopes extinguished, and that he was nearly knocked down by Thunderstone. Certainly the gigantic son of Thunderbolt was rolling about from distress more than a quarter of a mile from home, and it is

easy to understand that there was great anxiety to avoid coming into collision with him. Eased at this critical point, Rob Roy lost an advantage which he was never able to recover; though in any case he would probably have had to be content with second honours. As it was, he just succeeded in getting the place for which he had been so heavily supported, though only by a head from Rhidorroch, a horse of plating form, whose forward position in the Derby speaks volumes for the inferior quality of the field. Altyre was fifth and Brown Prince sixth, while Chamant, who had run as well as a horse lame all round could be expected to do, followed some way behind.

The victory of Silvio was well received, and Lord Falmouth must be considered fortunate in having won two Derbies with second-class horses. Had Chamant and Fontainebleau kept well, or had Jongleur been entered for the race, the English horses would most assuredly have played only a secondary part in the Derby. Rob Roy, it is clear, has been over-estimated, for he was thought good enough to beat first-class form, yet in the event he could not vanquish a horse to whom, in the Two Thousand, Chamant gave a stone beating. Too much also, as is often the case, was made of Altyre's handicap performances; and Brown Prince, as might have been anticipated from his appearance, found the ups and downs of Epsom a very different thing from the flat at Newmarket. Touchet, also, who in the early spring was thought good enough to win in any company, proved himself a horse of very ordinary stamp; but the forward position held by Glen Arthur suggests the question where would Hidalgo have finished had he also not shared the fate of Chamant and Pellegrino, and fallen lame a few days before the Derby. On paper, Hidalgo, who is far superior to his stable companion Glen Arthur, ought to have beaten Silvio; yet he, too, is one of those big horses who seldom manage to get down the hill at Epsom and round Tattenham Corner. There will be some natural rejoicing that the Derby of 1877 has fallen to an English horse; but there is certainly little to boast of in the victory. Fortune was against the French horses this year, and favoured the very inferior representatives of our own racing studs. Silvio has won the Derby; but we may expect to see the Derby running reversed before the end of the season, and Lord Falmouth's horse deposed from the high position he now occupies. Perhaps the unexpected triumph of England in the great three-year-old race of the season will allay some of the feelings of jealousy that have been excited against foreign-bred horses on account of their too frequent successes on English racecourses.

REVIEWS.

BOOKS ON TURKEY.*

THE supply of books about Turkey and the Turks continues in full flow, and, as a rule, it must be said, to the credit of the writers, that each in his or her special way has some peculiar claim to write. Mr. Freeman, for example, who knows as much history as the human mind is capable of knowing, writes of the Turks with that paramount claim on the reader's attention which is given by an exhaustive knowledge of facts, wide bases of comparison and reflection, a practised style, and irrepressible enthusiasm. Miss Muir-Mackenzie and Miss Irby are well known as ladies who have not only travelled in the Slavonic provinces of Turkey, but have lived and worked in them, who have given their strength and their lives in the cause of the poor and the oppressed, and who could speak above all of Bosnia with accurate and intimate personal knowledge. Mr. Salusbury is a very young gentleman who served for two months in the Serbian army, and who to the charms of an infantine style adds the advantage of vivid reminiscences of personal adventure. Then, on the other hand, while all these writers come before the public on the ground of knowledge, and base what they have to say on facts, and ask only to be heard so far as they are giving a true account of historical events, there is, it must be remembered, a large section of the public which does not care in the slightest degree for facts about Turkey, but views the whole Eastern question in the light of a favourite theory. An adequate provision for their wants has been made by Lord Robert Montagu, who has reprinted copious extracts from the Blue-books, using whole lines of italics at discretion, ingeniously printing, when he pleases, England for Turkey and Ireland for Bulgaria, freely interspersing quotations from Jeremiah and Habakkuk, and ultimately arriving at the conclusion that the great thing for Europe is to have a general federation of States, with the Pope as sole and universal chief. He admits that Lord Derby is not at all the sort of person who can be trusted to work out this theory in practice. But that does not spoil the

theory; and when we get into the domain of pure theory, the wilder a theory is, the more exciting and successful it appears. Lord Robert Montagu has done all that could be done by an utter incoherence of thought, an unrestrained liberty of assumption, and a maudering style, to give a theoretical work all the attractions that can delight and content its readers.

It is impossible that Mr. Freeman should write on any historical subject without teaching much and enforcing much. In telling the story of the Ottoman Power in Europe, he not only gives a striking and clear narrative, dwelling on what is really important and omitting what is subsidiary and hard to remember, but he establishes the principles of a train of reasoning, and lays firm foundations for many of his conclusions. He answers with more precision than any preceding writer the two elementary questions on the right solution of which all proper treatment of European Turkey depends. These questions are:—Why does European Turkey differ entirely from all other parts of Europe? and in what sense are the Christians in Turkey to be called better than their present masters? The answer to the first question is, that European Turkey is the only part of Europe where the conquering race has always remained entirely separated from the conquered; and that the conquering race had this peculiarity, that it was endowed with a total incapacity for imbibing those ideas of government, which in the rest of Europe are called good and just. Partly through the adoption of Mahometanism, and partly through the retention of the habits, customs, and traditions of a predatory horde, the Turkish ruler has been, and is to this day, divided from his Christian subjects by a deep and impassable gulf. His Christian subject is better than he is in this sense. His faults may be as numerous as the grains of dust in a beam of light, but, because he is Christian, he is accessible to those influences which has made Europe what it is. Christianity does not make him good, but it makes it possible that he should be better. It is one of the favourite positions of Mr. Freeman, on which he has been dwelling for a quarter of a century, that when we speak of Christianity we really mean a body of religious doctrine *plus* the civilization of the ancient world. This civilization passed from Greece to Rome, and from Rome to modern Europe. Christianity assimilated it, and Mahometanism rejected it. Where Mahometanism was the conquering power and Christianity the conquered, the Mahometan, with few exceptions, and the Mahometan Turk with no exceptions, kept down with a relentless hand the germs of a civilization which seems something not only alien but accursed. In the decadence of the Turkish power this tyranny has assumed the worst possible form it could present—the tyranny of a clique of ignorant, merciless adventurers, ruling all the provinces from the palace of the Sultan. The rule of the Turk is thus worse in its decay than it was in its days of strength and prosperity. This is the main thesis that Mr. Freeman has set himself to prove, and if any one does not consider it proved, Mr. Freeman is ready to launch the worst kind of historical thunderbolts on his head. To the mass of Englishmen, however, as they are at the moment when this volume appears, this thesis may be considered as proved. Mr. Freeman only gives a finishing tap to a nail which was already driven well home. England has resolved that it will have nothing more to do with the Turk as an ally and a friend.

But when we look into the details of Mr. Freeman's book we find that it is possible for historians to be a little unjust, and not a little despotic. Mr. Freeman turns his unparalleled knowledge of history into an engine of tyranny. He is a dictatorial writer; he feels passionately and he writes passionately. To his historical mind all persons of all centuries are alive. He hates a dead Turk as much as ordinary men hate a living cockroach. He tramples the creature under his awful heel, and then surveys with a fine frenzy the quivering remains of his victim. The dead, however, cannot feel, and to Turks of the sixteenth century it cannot make much difference whether Mr. Freeman abuses them or not. But living men do not like being treated like cockroaches, and Mr. Freeman has a peculiar way of stamping on them historically which is very trying. He can always dig up some very bad person out of history, and say he is exactly like the person he is abusing. This is a very unfair use of history. We read, for example, of Hobart Pasha, whom Mr. Freeman bitterly detests, that "the shame of Robert of St. Albans has its like in the shame of Hobart." This is exasperating. There may be possibly ten people in England besides Mr. Freeman who have heard of Robert of St. Albans; but the vast majority of readers would hear the name for the first time, and would suppose that it was only their ignorance that prevented their appreciating a close historical parallel which condemned Admiral Hobart to clear and merited infamy. Fortunately Mr. Freeman condescends to explain to the ignorant who this Robert was; and it appears that Robert was "a knight of the Temple who betrayed his order, his country, and his faith, who took service under Saladin, and mocked the last agonies of the Christians when Jerusalem was taken." It is sheer historical tyranny to say that the shame of Hobart is like the shame of Robert. Excepting that both have served under a Mahometan prince, there is not the slightest point of resemblance between them. Admiral Hobart has not betrayed his order, for he had none to betray; nor his country, for he received the thanks of his Government; nor his faith, for he remains a Christian, and he has never mocked the last agonies of any one. There is, indeed, far too much of this boot-heel and cockroach style throughout Mr. Freeman's volume. Lord Derby is one of the victims. Herod, the murderer of John the Baptist, is selected as his historical parallel. The precise point of the parallel appears to be that, just as Herod considered himself

* *The Ottoman Power in Europe: its Nature, its Growth, and its Decline.* By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe. By G. Muir-Mackenzie and A. P. Irby. With a Preface by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co. 1877.

Two Months with Tcherniaeff in Serbia. By Philip H. B. Salusbury, Lieutenant First Royal Cheshire Light Infantry. London: Chapman & Hall. 1877.

Foreign Policy: England and the Eastern Question. By the Right Hon. Lord Robert Montagu, M.P. London: Chapman & Hall. 1877.

bound by his oath to let the daughter of Herodias have the Baptist's head, so Lord Derby considered himself bound by the Treaty of Paris not to let English men-of-war carry off Cretan insurgents. There is no limit to invective of this kind. Every one of whom the historian disapproves can be said to be like some known or unknown bad person in history. This is a painful abuse of historical knowledge. Statesmen have to do with a particular existing set of facts, and not with some other set of facts in a remote age of history which were in some respects rather like them. To treat the two sets of facts as identical is dangerous to a nation and unfair to individuals, and this is an error into which Mr. Freeman appears to us to be not unfrequently falling.

The work of Miss Muir-Mackenzie and Miss Irby is for the most part a reproduction of the volumes published by them some time ago, in which they described their travels in the North-West of European Turkey. But Miss Irby has prefaced this new edition with three new chapters on Bosnia. She was in Bosnia in 1865, at the time of the outbreak of the insurrection, and she has continued there since then her work of charity. She and her friend had established a girls' school at Serajevo, and her primary object was to visit this establishment. But the commencement of troubles decided her to remove her scholars to a place of safety, and, not without difficulty, they were transported to Austria. On the hideous tale of wrong and misery revealed in Miss Irby's pages, the frightful daily and hourly cruelty of the Turks and of the Mussulman Serbs towards the unhappy creatures who lay at their mercy, Mr. Gladstone dwells in his preface, and he is fully entitled to dwell. He desires, above all things, that Turkish rule in Bosnia should be done away with, and there is no meaning in such words as humanity, mercy, justice, and pity, if his wish is not shared by all who live in comfort and peace under the shelter of a happy and free country. It is most useful that the history of Bosnia should be known in England, and that Englishmen should really understand what it was that made the Bosnians revolt, and impelled 200,000 persons to cross the Save and live on a daily penny a head in the territory of Austria. Miss Irby writes very soberly and with an anxious desire not to exaggerate or make up a sensational picture. She only relates what she has seen, or what has been stated to her by persons whom she has known personally and on whose good faith she can rely. But it is one thing to pity the Bosnians, and another thing to say what is to be done for them. Near the Black Mountain the insurrection has a sort of chance, as the insurgents are protected by the difficulties of the country, and yet are able to find spots among the hills where they can grow crops sufficient to keep them alive. Elsewhere the insurrection only took the form of a flight. The Turks and the Mussulman residents laid waste the Christian villages, and the only question was whether the inhabitants could get away into Austrian territory. Unless Austria virtually annexes Bosnia, there is only one prospect before the orthodox Bosnians, and that is to die out of Bosnia altogether. That Austria does not wish to annex Bosnia is certain. The political disadvantages to her of annexation are immense, and she has done all she can to discourage the immigration of the Bosnians, short of absolutely forbidding it. Humanity prompts her to allow the fugitives to cross the Save, and then policy prompts her to bid them to live on a penny a day. It is extremely hard for Austria to know what to do; for, terrible as are the sufferings of the Bosnians, it is making a great demand on Austria that, merely to redress misrule for which she is not in the slightest degree responsible, she should be called on to charge herself with the government of a ruffianly Mahometan population, and by an enlargement of her territory raise questions with her neighbours which she prudently seeks above all things to avoid raising.

From the impassioned utterances of Mr. Freeman and the harrowing pictures of Miss Irby it is a relief to turn to the narrative of Mr. Salusbury, in the sense that small things please the mind fatigued with great things. Mr. Salusbury is, as he informs us in his preface, a young gentleman of twenty-one years of age, and we learn from his title-page that he is a lieutenant in the First Royal Cheshire Light Infantry. He opens his story by naively telling us that on Saturday, the 15th of August last, an "idea entered his head" that, having nothing particular to do, he might as well go to Servia. The next day he began to put his plan into execution by saying good-by to his friends, and by making inquiries as to the best way of reaching Vienna. On Wednesday morning an anxiously expected letter was put under his door, and he felt able to start at once. He dressed with a rapidity which astonished his family, said good-by to his father, caught the train, alighted at Euston Station, and drove to his club. He feels it right that the public should know everything that he can possibly tell it, and from one end to the other of his volume there is not an omission of which we can complain. A complete inventory is given of the contents of his portmanteau, and his literary stock in hand is carefully recorded as having consisted of a volume of Murray and one novel. He landed at Rotterdam, where the river bank reminded him of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. When he got into the Dutch train he began by noting down the name of every station, and the exact time of arrival and departure; but it occurred to him that, if he went on in this way, he would fill his notebook before he even saw Servia; and so he stopped, and merely records that the conversation of his Dutch fellow-travellers reminded him of the monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens. At last he got to Belgrade, and after some complications with the authorities, he found a foreign legion, or,

rather, a legion with foreign officers, into which he was admitted. He formed from the outset but a poor opinion of the Servian soldiers, although the officers were very much to his taste. Of course, he too had to be an officer, "not that," in his frank language, "he cared two straws whether he was a colonel or a sub-lieutenant in such a rabble," but merely as a concession to the exigencies of the situation. Subsequently he went to the camp at Deligrad, and at last was appointed aide-de-camp to General Dochtoureff, who promised him that, if he would accept the appointment, he should go under fire, and as "his sole desire was to go into action," he closed with the offer. Early in October Mr. Salusbury began his new duties. And at last the wish so near to his heart was realized, and a shell burst only twenty yards from him. He wished to dismount and secure a piece of this shell, which seemed to belong especially to him, but his general was more prudent, and made him ride on. In almost every page thenceforward we have warm tributes to the gallantry of the Russian officers, and loud complaints of the cowardice of the Servian soldiers. Going with his general to the Timok valley, Mr. Salusbury had the pleasure of taking part in a real engagement. The Servians on the 18th of October attacked the Turks, and the attack failed. On the 20th the Turks attacked, their attack succeeded, and the war was at an end, and Mr. Salusbury returned home with a gold medal and the gold cross of Takova—modest honours, but all that Prince Milan had to give, and as really deserved as any honours could be. With his usual punctiliousness of detail, Mr. Salusbury notes down every incident of his homeward journey, including a description of the papers he bought between London and Chester, the porters at the Chester station, the cab that conveyed him to his family, and, lastly, the "avalanche of loving relatives who in the assault they made upon me succeeded in putting *hors de combat* a remarkably good hat." It is this simplicity of narration, this accuracy in trifling descriptions, the frankness with which all that the writer saw and felt and did is chronicled, that give a value to the book. It is so evidently all real, and puts before us with remarkable vividness the small daily history of a disastrous campaign.

Of Lord Robert Montagu's book it is unnecessary to say much, for it lies altogether outside the range of criticism. When he wants facts he seeks them in the compositions of Mr. Urquhart; when he wants arguments he seeks them in quotations from the Vulgate. Hatred of Russia and contempt for Lord Derby appear to be his most prominent feelings. But, as his hatred for Russia is almost exclusively theological, and his contempt for Lord Derby reveals itself by interspersing italics through extracts from Blue-books, there is nothing to be gained from his volume except by those who share his theological passions, and think arguments from italicized quotations convincing. It is probable that very few ordinary Englishmen will read a line of what he has written. To some, however, it may be a matter of not quite idle curiosity to know what are the views on the Eastern question of that Ultramontane world of which we hear so much and know so little; and they may be cheered in a wearisome task by finding continually recalled to their recollection that, after all, Lord Derby did a good deal to keep the country clear from a policy in harmony with views opposed to all the sentiments, traditions, principles, and interests of England.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.*

THERE are few modern writers whose life, if adequately told, would promise to be of more interest than De Quincey's. With the earlier part of that life all readers are, of course, more or less familiar through the *Confessions*. Even in regard to that part of it we should be thankful for the evidence of an independent witness; for we cannot, without such evidence, assume that the facts were not considerably distorted by the dreamy imagination of the writer. During the later period, however, of a long life, De Quincey disappeared to a great extent from society. He led a kind of anonymous and Bohemian existence, and we hear of him only at intervals through the incidental references of various persons with whom he came into accidental contact. Literary people were naturally anxious to catch sight of a man who, whatever may be our estimate of his merits, had certainly added to English literature some writings of unique excellence in their own department. Here and there in contemporary memoirs we have accounts of his appearance and habits which do more to stimulate than satisfy our curiosity. Professor Masson, for example, is brought forward in these volumes to testify to his impressions. He says that nothing was easier than to get De Quincey to dinner, if you knew the way. The way was to send a cab for him, with some one in it to collar him and bring him by authority. It seems, however, that, easy as the operation may have been, it was not often carried out. He was brought by a "strong determined man" to a dinner at which Professor Masson saw him for the first time, and he talked, as we are told, admirably. But Professor Masson merely adds that he saw him "once or twice again," and on the last occasion did not venture to address him. From such reports and a few others of a similar kind little is to be gathered; and the prominence given to them suggests the scantiness of the materials.

De Quincey, however, has fortunately fallen into the hands of a

* Thomas de Quincey: *his Life and Writings*. By H. A. Page. London: Hogg & Co. 1877.

biographer who possesses the necessary qualification of a somewhat undiscriminating zeal. Mr. Page, who is favourably known as the author of a *Life of Hawthorne*, has done his best to save all available knowledge of his hero from the rapidly gathering mists of oblivion. He has been supplied with much information by the surviving members of De Quincey's family. A good many characteristic letters, various papers which throw light upon the later period of the life, and the personal reminiscences of some acquaintances in later years, enable him to put together a tolerably consecutive and satisfactory biography. In the earlier period Mr. Page of course relies chiefly upon De Quincey's own writing, and a great part of the first volume rests substantially upon the autobiographical writings. No one can be sorry to read again much of De Quincey's own narrative; but we are not very clear how far Mr. Page is justified in saying that his book will show how "correct and conscientious" his hero was "even in minor details." We have some difficulty in discovering to what extent Mr. Page has relied simply upon De Quincey's own statements, or where they are corroborated by independent proof. A few more references would have made this plainer; but nothing of importance seems to turn upon it. We are content to assume that the account in the *Confessions* and autobiographic sketches was substantially correct, and probably more correct than might have been inferred from a simple reading of the original.

The subsequent history of his life may be briefly indicated. After leaving Oxford De Quincey was attracted to the Lakes, chiefly, it would seem, by his admiration for Wordsworth, in whose family he resided for some time. In 1809 he took a cottage at Grasmere, and thus became one of the fixed stars in the Lake constellation. His greatest friend seems to have been Professor Wilson, to whom he was attracted, as is usually the case, by contrast as well as by certain affinities of character. Wordsworth gradually cooled towards him, a fact which is hardly surprising when we compare the two men. From 1804 to 1812 he had been, as he tells us, a dilettante opium-eater; but at that period he was seduced into the excesses which have become historical. His marriage to the daughter of a Westmoreland statesman followed a temporary reform in 1816. The marriage appears to have been a happy one; and, indeed, it is pleasant to observe that, whatever may have been De Quincey's weakness, his domestic affections were throughout pure and vigorous. Marriage, however, brought new troubles of a pecuniary kind, and plunged him into troubles from which he again sought relief in opium. He again reformed, and in 1819 made the attempt to edit a country newspaper, an employment for which he may be said to have been exquisitely unfit. An unlucky critic, frequently denounced by Mr. Page, is rebuked, amongst other things, for denying that De Quincey could have equalled Swift's assault upon Wood's Halfpence. Mr. Page, however, is fain to confess that his hero could never have made a successful newspaper editor—a proposition which seems to explain the critic's meaning, and which at any rate nobody is likely to dispute. In 1821 De Quincey went to London in search of literary employment, and at this period his pecuniary troubles seem to have culminated. He was occasionally in hiding from his creditors. The year 1821, however, saw the establishment of his fame as an author, the first instalment of the *Confessions* having appeared in October of that year. For some time afterwards he seems to have oscillated between the Lakes and London, and in 1828 he settled at Edinburgh. Though some years were passed after a wandering and Bohemian fashion, with occasional excursions to Glasgow, Edinburgh and the neighbouring village of Lasswade were his main habitat during the rest of his life. Heavy domestic blows fell upon him not long after his migration to Scotland. In 1833 he lost his youngest son; in 1835 his eldest son, a lad of unusual promise; and in 1837 his wife. After this last blow he again fell into opium excesses, though from 1844 he was comparatively free from the bondage. His daughters undertook the charge of his pecuniary affairs, and during the later years of his life he seems to have suffered no anxiety upon that score. He died at the end of 1859 in his seventy-fifth year.

Mr. Page, as we have said, is by no means free from the ordinary disease of biographers. He takes De Quincey at his own valuation as a philosophical thinker. He admires the humour which to many readers appears so strained and wearisome, and, in short, sees scarcely any limits to the literary merits of his author. Upon such matters we have not the space or desire for controversy. Every one must judge for himself of De Quincey's literary merits; and, if Mr. Page's critical remarks are unlikely to have much weight, the perusal of his book may at least induce some readers to refresh their memory of the original. But, whatever we may think of the writer, we willingly admit that the record of a rather aimless and unsatisfactory life is calculated in some respects to raise our estimate of the man.

That De Quincey was in some sense a Bohemian is undeniable; but there are Bohemians and Bohemians. The word may be taken to imply a complete disregard of the duties which a man owes to society, to his family, or to himself. In De Quincey's case we may say that it implies chiefly a want of fixed purpose and an utter incapacity for the business relations of life. No man could be more childishly helpless in all questions of pounds, shillings, and pence. He was capable of borrowing half-a-crown from a friend when he had a fifty-pound note in his pocket. The consciousness of his liabilities oppressed his spirits, and yet he could never nerve himself to have his affairs put in order, though, we are assured, it might have been easily done. His other habits were equally amazing to

the methodic housekeeping mind. His books and papers accumulated in chaotic masses upon the floors of the rooms which he occupied, until no space was left for sitting or writing; and an accidental spark might have caused a fatal conflagration. He knew, or supposed that he knew, where to find what he wanted, and forbade any attempts to reduce the chaos to order. When crowded out by his own accumulations, his only remedy was to desert the room. It appears that he was paying at the same time for more than one set of lodgings, which had thus been occupied by accumulating masses of literary lumber. He would take about with him boxes full of papers intelligible to himself alone, leave them casually at an inn or a shop, and then hopelessly forget the locality of his deposit. It is, however, pleasant to know that he did not, amongst other things, forget to pay his bills. He judiciously provided against such oblivion by trusting his money matters to his wife, and afterwards to his daughters. His reckless generosity, indeed, must have made their task sufficiently difficult. Early in life he gave 300*l.*, and offered 500*l.*, to Coleridge as a substantial testimony of respect. He often pushed charity in later years to the verge of silliness, and seems to have emptied his pockets to beggars pretty much at random. Mr. Page is of opinion that this virtue or weakness will secure our forgiveness for the heaviest sin of commission with which he is charged. He violated private confidence by publishing accounts of Coleridge and Wordsworth. To excuse him on the ground of poverty caused by over-generosity does not appear to us to be exactly judicious. The excuse virtually admits that his careless mode of life had to some extent injured the delicate sensitiveness in such matters which a gentleman ought to preserve.

More, however, may be said for him on another score. Bohemianism generally lowers a man's sense of family obligations. De Quincey seems throughout life to have been as good a husband and father as his eccentricities permitted. He was warmly attached to his children, took much pains in their education, and remained on the most affectionate terms with them to the end of his life. One of them, Mrs. Baird Smith, has contributed some very interesting recollections. The self-indulgent weakness produced, or indicated, by his opium-eating did not degenerate into the worse forms of selfishness. He was thoroughly amiable and courteous to the last; fond of children, and in many ways childlike in his tastes. Mr. Page seems anxious to prove that he also took an enlightened interest in public affairs. The proofs are not very convincing. He read the papers carefully; he was much excited by the Indian Mutiny, when his daughter and her husband, Colonel Baird Smith, were in the thick of it; and he carefully studied police-reports and the accounts of celebrated murder cases, as indeed might be expected from the author of the familiar essay; but all this is hardly indicative of profound interest in the business of the world. De Quincey was obviously not qualified to be more than a dreamy spectator of the active drama of life. Dreamers, doubtless, have their value, and there is no lack of noisy and intrusive actors; but, for good or bad, De Quincey was one of the dreamers. Mr. Page is anxious to insist upon his sympathy with human suffering, in order to repel the charge of simple epicureanism, and no one can deny that De Quincey was capable of much deep and tender feeling. The story of Anne in the *Confessions* is, as Mr. Page says, a proof of his occasional pathetic power. But the limitations are equally obvious. Mr. Page is indignant at a comparison between De Quincey and Rousseau. It is quite true that Rousseau accuses himself of far worse immorality than any which can be laid to De Quincey's charge, and was in other ways very unlike the Opium-eater. One difference is, however, that Rousseau's sympathy with human sufferings and the expression of his feelings shook the whole fabric of European society; whereas De Quincey's sympathy led only to the composition of a few pages of most exquisite English. His kindness of nature is no more doubtful than the acuteness of his intellect; but the paralysis of will under which he suffered prevented him from making any serious contributions to philosophy, or stirring the passions which demand something stronger than a merely æsthetic gratification.

Mr. Page has collected enough amusing anecdotes of De Quincey in this book to make us wish for more. Such, for example, as a quaint story of his consuming the heel-taps left in a number of medicine-bottles in a house where he was staying; and then apologizing to his host, in a spasm of remorse, for this supposed breach of hospitality. His oddities were mostly inoffensive, though they must have been grievous enough at times to printers and others brought into business connexion with him. Most readers would have been glad of some fragments of the conversation for which he had so high a reputation. But no records have been preserved; and probably they would have been disappointing. His talk seems to have resembled that of Coleridge, though he did not, like Coleridge, monopolize the attention of his company. But of such conversation, discursive rather than epigrammatic, and remarkable for fulness of knowledge more than for vigour, it is impossible to give any adequate report. It becomes tedious on paper, and in De Quincey's case must have resembled at best a diluted edition of the *Confessions*. The letters, of which not many have been preserved, are interesting; and even those of his early youth show the characteristics of the familiar style whose merits and defects we need not discuss in this place.

THE CRADLE OF THE BLUE NILE.*

MR. DE COSSON tells us that he started on his tour with the intention of shooting along the banks of the Atbara, but that he was induced to change his plan and visit Abyssinia, its capital Adowa, Gondar, Lake Tzana, and Khartoum. We are not sorry for this deviation; and if the original intentions of the author still formed part of his programme, it is quite clear that he thought more of men and less of animals. Sporting incidents, in fact, form but a small portion of these two volumes. The *Old Shekarry* or Mr. Parker Gilmore, we may be quite sure, would have made a much larger bag in the same time, and would have told us much more about stalking by day and alarms by night. Viewed in this light only, the expedition must be accounted a failure. Some guinea-fowl, sand-grouse, ducks, partridges, and hares were shot; but the cartridges were left behind, and the ammunition failed when game was most abundant, while the author and his friends seem to have shot for the pot. There was certainly an adventure or two with leopards, which might have ended awkwardly; and at Lake Tzana they stalked hippopotami, wading into the water breast-high after these huge and dangerous beasts. This mode of attack, it appears, is locally orthodox, and is practised by a native tribe of Witos; but it strikes us as hazardous and unsportsmanlike, and it certainly was not conspicuous for its success. The unwieldy animals dived, and often carried off several explosive bullets; and exposure to wet brought on ague and ophthalmia. Other serious inconveniences were felt. Mr. De Cosson suffered from sores on the body, from jungle-fever, from a plague of vermin, and from the extremes of heat and cold. Food was bad and scarce, and the native fashion of devouring large hunks of raw meat, seasoned with salt and pepper, was not to be easily learnt. Mr. De Cosson takes occasion to notice Bruce's well-known story of the custom of cutting steaks from the live animals, and evidently either thinks that the great traveller mistook an exceptional incident for a regular practice, or that the habit, if ever it existed, is obsolete. But, if the travellers failed in the ostensible and primary object of their travels, they, speaking through Mr. De Cosson, give us ample compensation in the shape of notices of social customs and climate, and descriptions of country, from the high ranges of the Abyssinian mountains to the wide expanse of the Soudan. These are worth whole herds of slender gazelles and bulky river-horses. Mr. De Cosson has, in fact, produced a lively, accurate, and graphic account of a journey of five months in a country to which the campaign of 1868 imparted a new interest, and we can do justice to the author in no other way than by presenting our readers with the following outline of his route.

He landed at the coral island of Massowah, after the usual stifling journey down the Red Sea, and, though furnished with letters from the Egyptian authorities, found serious difficulty in getting forward. The local officials were prodigal of excuses and bent on delay, and there was an evident desire that the mysteries of the slave-trade should not be disclosed to the inquisitive foreigners. However, the travellers got off at last, provided with vicious mules, intractable camels, and lazy porters, and they climbed over steep passes up to the highlands of Abyssinia. Here, though the sun was hot, the air was pure and bracing, and Adowa was reached about the middle of March, without any worse incident than a panic caused by stories of Aba Kassie, described as a sort of Fra Diavolo or Robin Hood, who, after a career in which cruelty and generosity were oddly combined, was taken prisoner by Prince Kassa, blinded, and turned adrift to beg his bread. At Adowa the Viceroy received the party courteously, drenched them with a liquor called *tedge*, a sort of mead, and placed a hut and some stretchers at their disposal, which unluckily swarmed with vermin. The same dignitary also feasted the author and his companions with large cakes of bread dipped in pungent sauces, and they had ample time to visit the bazaar and the churches, and to make their acquaintance of a certain Doctor, or Baron, Schimper, a German savant, who had resided for thirty-seven years in the country, studying botany and geology, and making his own candles and a curious compound of *tedge* and brandy, to which the author generously accords the strange title of good champagne. At this point we have a condensed narrative of what was done by the Portuguese who penetrated into Abyssinia in the sixteenth century, and who "instructed the natives in the arts of cutting stone, building bridges, making mortar, painting frescoes, cultivating fruit-trees, manufacturing gunpowder, and many other things." Life here was pleasant enough, in spite of innumerable flies, howling dogs, a blazing sun, and an atmosphere charged with electricity. The travellers took rides over the plains near the city, and sometimes passed the heat of the day in a lovely glen watered by a clear stream, and enlivened by humming birds and butterflies; and they accompanied the Viceroy on a visit to the ancient capital of Axum, where they saw fine cedars planted by the Portuguese, as well as the gigantic monoliths and square blocks of granite mentioned by Bruce one hundred years before. They did not, however, light upon a stone which that traveller describes as bearing an inscription of the Ptolemies, and some Greek letters existing at the time of his visit have now been effaced. But the cathedral erected by

the Portuguese was still standing, and Mr. De Cosson thinks it was intended to serve the double purpose of a house of prayer and a stronghold of defence in times of danger. We wish that a sketch or photograph had been given of the great stone of Axum, which, sole survivor of a great number, still remains upright, and is described as five feet higher than Cleopatra's Needle. We should have preferred this to sketches of exaggerated lions and open-mouthed hippopotami.

When Mr. De Cosson had got back to Adowa, and was tired of the Abyssinians and their filthy customs of deluging their hair with liquid butter, swilling gallons of beer, and gorging themselves with raw meat, the difficulty was to recover the baggage, which had been left behind, and to make a fresh start. And we must refer readers to the volumes themselves for an account of the manner in which obstructions were overcome, and for a brief chapter on Habsh, or Abyssinia, for these words are really the same. The author at last was compelled to leave Adowa with only a couple of servants, and to travel by night over a difficult road, surrounded by laughing hyenas; and here a sad mishap befel him. A porter made off with a part of the baggage which contained the writer's diary, and the journey up to this part had to be rewritten from memory or from the notes of a friend. However, a promised escort came up about this time, and a native lady availed herself of it to join her husband. In her, good looks, excellent horsemanship, hardness and endurance of fatigue were combined with the utmost propriety and modesty of demeanour; and the picture is a sufficient condemnation of the general Oriental practice of immuring women in the zenana and leaving them no employment but intrigue and coquetry. During the ride through the mountains occurred the only serious crisis in the journey. A certain chief, the adherent of a prince named Warania, who had been recently subdued by King Yohannes, refused the party a passage just at the top of an ugly-looking gorge; but, after a little diplomacy and a calm display of force, threats were exchanged for friendly treatment, and the travellers were regaled with curries, jars of honey and beer, and other delicacies, till at length, with a parched throat and a frame racked with fever, Mr. De Cosson reached the camp of the King at Ambachara, who sent interpreters to meet him, and characteristically cut up a whole cow in his honour, piling the joints inside his tent. One presentation to a barbaric monarch, such as is described, much resembles another; but King Yohannes, formerly known as Prince Kassa, appears in this narrative in a far better light than in that of Mr. Markham. The latter describes the monarch as a "poor creature." In the present work he is chaste, fearless, a good soldier, a capital shot, and a shrewd statesman. He complained a good deal of the encroachments of the Khedive; professed intense regard for the English Government; and after some evasions pledged himself to the abolition of slavery, and we can only hope that the pledge may be redeemed.

From the camp to Lake Tzana was an easy trip, much facilitated by the arrangements of the ruler. The scenery at the lake was really beautiful, at an elevation of more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea. We could have wished that the travellers had had time to circumnavigate this inland sea, or at least to get to its southern extremity, out of which the Blue Nile issues. But, after bagging a hippopotamus or two, and finding the tameness of the water-fowl quite strange and shocking, as the native Witos have no guns, the author returned to the royal camp, from which they got away in darkness and silence because his Majesty had worked himself into a furious passion about the slave-trade, and was flogging his chief officials right and left with a new whip of hippopotamus hide. So in drenching rain they started for Gondar, where they made the acquaintance of a Greek merchant named Christophilos, by reputation a wonderful magician, but in sober truth an ordinary villain, who had murdered an Italian friend in the bazaars of Cairo. A Mahometan official shortly after this point endeavoured to get possession of the King's despatches to the author, but was disappointed by a very legitimate artifice, and between Gondar and Galabat, alias Metimma, commenced the descent into the plains. The change from the bracing air of the hills to the intense heat and the tropical vegetation of the plains is strikingly described, and the remainder of the journey was evidently performed under very trying conditions. We must draw attention pointedly to the slave-market at Galabat. This disgraceful traffic was there openly carried on in a considerable town, garrisoned by Egyptian soldiers, who were commanded by one of the Khedive's generals; and we cannot be sure that matters have much improved since Mr. De Cosson saw an elderly purchaser handling a young Galla girl "very much as people look at the points of a horse." After Galabat the road lay across a desert, covered with long dry grass which the natives set fire to at night, and white with the bones of numberless dead camels. These animals cannot go on more than three days without water, and the author was reduced to his last bottle, which he very prudently gave to his faint and staggering beast to enable it to reach some wells dug in a remarkable amphitheatre of granite, at which hundreds of camels, cows, and donkeys were slaking their thirst. The description of this remarkable oasis is excellent, and we notice the atmospheric effects so often observed by other travellers who have toiled on for hours to reach a distant point which the transparency of the air deludes them into thinking quite close at hand.

At Abou Harras the jolting or rocking of a camel was exchanged for the shelter of a country boat, which glided smoothly down the Blue Nile—this river, by the way, is

* *The Cradle of the Blue Nile; a Visit to the Court of King John of Ethiopia.* By E. A. De Cosson, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1877.

of a rich red colour—as far as Khartoum. The relief to the wearied travellers must have been indescribable, though the boat, every now and then, stuck on a sandbank, and the crew were not conspicuous for readiness or skill on emergencies. Ismail Pasha, who talked French and read Continental journals, entertained the author at dinner, and expressed a hope of making this southern town a splendid emporium. Mr. De Cosson's observation, however, entirely confirms all that we have ever written about excessive and ill-directed taxation and executive mismanagement. From Khartoum to the Sixth Cataract and Berber was a very easy trip, and we cannot be sure of the reason which induced the author to abandon the descent of the river for another uncomfortable walk across a second desert to Suakin on the Red Sea. It may have been desirable to catch a steamer at the latter place, and to visit Jiddah, the port of Mecca; but we should have thought the Nile passage, however tedious, preferable to a fortnight of yellow sand and grit, which had not even the relief of the long withered grass that covered the plains of the southern parts of the Soudan. Splendid sunsets, starry nights, pure and delightful air, and the wild beauty of mountains that "changed their tints every hour of the day," could scarcely compensate for fearful heat and agonizing thirst, which at one place had to be slaked, or rather aggravated, by drinking out of pools of salt water. The author must have had wiriness and endurance to stand this life for a fortnight, living on a box or two of sardines, a cup of coffee, a pipe, and three hours' sleep snatched at intervals twice in the twenty-four hours. Neither should we adopt his recommendation to men who are likely to become "a disgrace to their families and a burden to their friends" in England, that they should exchange the desk or the counting-house for the wild life of a hunter on the plains of the Soudan and the banks of the Athara. A good-for-nothing clerk or civil servant is, as a rule, not calculated to develop into anything but a good-for-nothing Arab. This part of the journey did, however, introduce Mr. De Cosson to one novelty—the phenomenon of moving pillars of sand and spiral columns of dust. But he thinks that it would be quite easy for a caravan or even a single traveller to escape destruction when these earth spouts burst in dry showers. In our opinion the isolated traveller would have a better chance of getting out of their way than a caravan, in which there are always some stragglers. After this fatiguing journey the Red Sea came in view, and must have been as welcome as a similar sight was to a Greek in Xenophon's retreat. But the sea itself was hotter and the atmosphere more stifling than ever, and the arrival at Jiddah was followed by a tremendous attack of fever, which yielded to antimony and quinine acting on an unimpaired constitution.

With this the narrative ends; but there are some papers in the appendix which will be found interesting, about the slave-trade, the incapacity of the Egyptian Government to govern the countries it annexes, and the fatality which attends on Abyssinian explorers, most of whom have been speared or have died of dysentery and fever. We may congratulate this author on having escaped the fate of his predecessors. Everything moves rapidly in these days, and we cannot expect travellers to be lost to sight for years, and then reappear with materials sufficient to fill a bookshelf, except perhaps out of Central Africa. These two volumes have their merits both as giving the experiences of a traveller and as illustrating the rule of the present monarch and the state of his subjects, though of course the work cannot stand a comparison with the five quarto volumes which attest the energy and the observation of the celebrated Scotchman, James Bruce of Kinnaird.

MÉLUSINE.*

EARLY this year a weekly journal was started in Paris, under the title of *Mélusine*, which deserves to be better known than it now is in England. It devotes itself to the publication of all kinds of folk-lore, giving the original texts or translations of tales and songs and sayings current among the people in various countries, but especially in France, describing popular manners and customs, and criticizing books published at home and abroad upon the subjects with which it deals. Such a publication, if it becomes widely known and recognized by scholars as an authority, must needs be a great boon to explorers of the wide field over which it ranges. But it always takes a long time for a periodical to make its way beyond the frontiers of its own country. Fortunately for *Mélusine*, however, the name of one of its editors, M. Henri Gaidoz, has already been made widely and favourably known in many lands through his connexion with the *Revue Celtique*. Each number of the present journal usually contains one or two popular tales, to several of which are appended most valuable notices of variants by Dr. Reinhold Köhler; a few popular songs, some of them accompanied by their musical notes; a number of miscellaneous contributions; one or two engravings, mostly of antiquities; and bibliographical notes. From among the articles which have hitherto appeared, it may be worth while to select a few for more or less detailed notice.

In the first number, for instance, there appeared an essay by M. Gaston Paris "on the study of popular poetry in France."

* *Mélusine*; revue de mythologie, littérature populaire, traditions et usages. Dirigée par MM. H. Gaidoz et E. Rolland. Paris: V. Viaut. 1877.

Although not a new production, for it first saw the light in the *Revue Critique* some eleven years ago, it is not likely to be familiar to English readers; but it is well worthy of the attention of all who collect or compare the songs of the common people, whether in France or elsewhere, so clearly does the writer lay down the laws which collectors and commentators should observe, so forcibly does he plead for conscientiousness and accuracy on the part of all who lend a hand to the good work of preserving the fast-fading relics of all popular poetry. Another good critical article is that contributed to No. VII. by M. Emmanuel Cosquin on the subject of "A Tale from the Far East." The tale in question is the well-known one of "The Fairies and the Two Hunchbacks," of which a variant from Picardy was given in No. V. by M. Henri Carnoy, with an explanation of the stress laid by the fairies on the proper naming of the days of the week. M. Cosquin compares the story with the similar tale given by Mr. Mitford in his *Tales of Old Japan*; of which tale, by the way, a complete version has been recently given by Mr. C. W. Goodwin in a valuable paper read before the Asiatic Society of Japan. There is no mention in the Japanese story of the days of the week, which seems to be peculiar to variants found in the West of Europe. But the removal by elves of a deformity from an agreeable visitor, and its imposition upon a similarly deformed but not equally pleasant imitator, are incidents in which the Japanese and the Breton, Irish, and Spanish forms of the story closely resemble one another. Commenting upon this likeness, M. Cosquin makes some very sensible remarks upon the vagaries of certain enthusiastic discussers of popular tales who, regarding them as the independent creations of the people among whom they are found, employ them as historical or ethnographical evidence, or attempt to extract a mythological meaning from even their most trifling details. A great number of such fictions, being manifestly Eastern stories which have strayed westwards, ought to be traced home and examined in their original form, before they are subjected to any inquiry into their inner meaning. To M. Cosquin's arguments M. Loys Brueyre replies in No. X., refusing to admit that European folk-tales have been borrowed from Asia, saying a good word for the solar myth, and assuming (apparently without good reason) that the Japanese *Wen-story* is of European origin. No. X. also contains an interesting article of great length by M. H. de Charencey, on "The Underground Origin of Mankind, according to American Legends."

Among the *contes* of which the original texts or translations are printed in *Mélusine* are several from Brittany, contributed by M. Luzel. One of these is a variant of the tale of the Master Thief who robbed the King's Treasury, combined with a story about magic implements, the combination depriving the principal narrative of its point by rendering the thief's enterprises over-easy. In another the well-known Grateful Beasts rescue a hero who has saved a heroine from a dragon, but has been robbed of his due honour and reward by an impostor. In this instance it is a daughter of the king of England who is exposed to the monster, which haunts a cavern in the midst of a desolate plain near London. In a third the youngest of three princes brings home the fairest bride, who in this story is a mere fairy princess, for whose eccentric behaviour no sufficient reason is given. A fourth is a Breton variant of the tale of "The Lad who went to the North Wind"; and a fifth describes the time-honoured tricks by which a confiding widow was induced to part with property for the supposed benefit of her deceased husband. A sixth, which tells of the fortunes made by three brothers, to whom their father bequeathed a cat, a cock, and a ladder, is rendered valuable by a learned note by Dr. Reinhold Köhler; as also is a seventh, which deals with a Dancing Water and a Singing Apple and a Bird of Truth. M. Luzel, we may observe, also contributes an interesting article on "La chapelle-dolmen des Sept-Saints," near Plouaret. The Seven Saints from whom it takes its name are the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, their fame having been introduced into Brittany, says M. Ernest Renan, in a note appended to M. Luzel's article, by means of the translation of their Passion made with the aid of a Syrian interpreter by Gregory of Tours. There was formerly, it seems, an Église des Sept-Saints at Brest, but it was destroyed by fire in 1841. It was really dedicated to the seven martyred children of St. Felicitas, but its name was accounted for by popular tradition as follows:—The wife of a baker having given birth to seven children at once, her irritated husband put them into a kneading-trough, and sent them to sea. It was washed ashore at Brest, where the small wanderers were hospitably received. But they soon died, and their bodies were carried away by angels; whereupon a church was built in their honour on the site of the house which they had tenanted during their short stay. Besides the Breton tales collected by M. Luzel, *Mélusine* contains others contributed by MM. Loys Brueyre, Nérée Quépat, and Henri Carnoy. M. Brueyre, the author of a work on the *Contes populaires de la Grande-Bretagne* which testifies to his intimate acquaintance with our literature on the subject, has also written three long reviews of English books—Mr. Gill's *Myths and Songs from the South Pacific*, the English translation of Rink's *Eskimo Tales*, and Thorburn's *Bannu*. Among the *contes* which he contributes are two Creole specimens. In one of them a tiger, having treacherously killed a sheep, is punished by the Queen of the Birds, who induces it to allow its head to be cut off in order that it may be in supposed keeping with the birds which appear at a ball with their heads concealed under their wings. The other is a variant of the well-known tale in which two girls of different characters visit a witch, and are by her rewarded according to their deserts.

Among the songs, many of which are given with their musical notes, there are several which are quaint and interesting. As a specimen of the more pathetic ditties may be mentioned the ballad from the Vosges, of "La Triste Noce," which tells how a youth who loved one damsel was forced to marry another, and how his forsaken love danced at his wedding till she dropped down dead, whereupon he cut his throat, and the wedding guests exclaimed, "Grand Dieu! quel triste noce!" the moral being

Les jeunes gens qui s'aiment,
Mariez-les ensemble.

Among those of a lighter nature the palm may be given to a Breton song contributed by M. Luzel, which describes how all the birds flocked together to the marriage of the wren, with the single exception of its rival, the eagle:—

Tous les oiseaux s'y trouventent,
Il n'y en eut qu'un seul qui ne vint pas.
Aux noces du Roitelet,
L'époux est tout petit.

Perhaps the most striking of the specimens of popular poetry given in *Mélusine* are the Corsican *voceri* or lamentations sung over a corpse. No. II. contains one of those which are sung tranquilly on the occasion of a natural death, the scene being represented by a woodcut which accompanies the text. In the poem a widow mourns over the remains of her husband, and enumerates his merits:—

Il était mon orange colorée,
Mon plus rare décor,
Mon gobelet d'argent
Tout ciselé d'or;
Mon plat d'honneur,
Mais aussi le comble de ma douleur.

In No. V. we have the literal translation of a *vocero* suited to a violent death. In the engraving which illustrates it the body of a man who has been shot lies prepared for burial. Around it, in various attitudes expressive of rage and despair, stand or kneel a number of women with wildly dishevelled locks. In the song a sister describes a brother's murder, and declares that she will avenge it:—

D'une race assez grande
Une sœur reste seule,
Sans cousins-germains,
Pauvre orpheline et jeune fille.
Mais pour faire ta vengeance
Sois tranquille, elle-même seule suffit.

With these two engravings may be compared another, given in No. IX., which is taken from a funeral urn found at Clusium, and which seems to represent the performance of a *vocero antique*.

Among the miscellaneous records of manners, customs, superstitions, and the like, may be mentioned the following. In some parts of Normandy it seems to be still believed that during the interval between Christmas and Epiphany the souls of the dead visit their descendants and give them advice. In older times also it was the custom, as is said to be still the case in some parts of Russia on the Eve of All Saints, after supper was over, to set out a fresh supper, intended for the souls of the deceased members of the family. The living retired from the room, leaving the windows open in order that the dead might enter and enjoy themselves. In spite of such beliefs good ghost stories appear to be rare. We read, however, of a man who lived in a house of which his remote ancestors had become possessed by foul means, and who one night saw the soul of that ancestor come out of the chimney looking as black as a coal. It was soon followed by the souls of the son, grandson, and so on of the original wrong-doer, each fairer in hue than its predecessor, until at last there appeared the soul of the seer's father, as unsmirched a ghost as was ever seen. Whereupon the householder rejoiced greatly, but it does not appear that he thought it necessary to make restitution. Another legend tells how the Catholic family of a Huguenot lord, named Tourneboeuf, went one Christmas Eve to midnight mass. But the heretical head of the family refused to do likewise, swearing that he would prefer to be roasted alive. When the family returned from church, they found him roasting before the kitchen fire, on a spit which was being turned by a huge black cat. In many countries it is supposed that whirlwinds are caused by wizards or witches who circle within them, but in some parts of the department of the Orne storms are attributed in like manner to the clergy. Some years ago a parishioner who saw his crops threatened by a hail-storm fired into the menacing cloud. The next day he heard that the parish priest had broken his leg, owing to a fall for which he could not account. In many parts of Europe it is asserted that the sun dances on Easter Sunday, but in the *Pays Messin* not only does the sun dance, but when it rises the sky is full of brilliant colours. These are the varied hues of the robes of hosts of angels who are dancing for joy. A less pleasing belief is that of the women near Vaucluse, who take their babies to church on Easter Sunday and turn them head over heels when the *Gloria* is sung, deeming that they will thereby save them from falls in after life. The babies do not appreciate the operation, and the church resounds with their expostulations.

It would be easy to select many more passages worthy of notice in *Mélusine*; but what we have said will suffice to show that it is a periodical which, if well supported, will be likely to prove of value to all students of folklore, and of interest to a wide circle of

readers. In a forthcoming number of *Mélusine* will be given a full account of the widespread traditions about the fairy being from whom the journal derives its name.

FOUR STUDIES OF LOVE.*

THESE *Four Studies of Love* show much of both literary and dramatic talent. Three of them have been actually adapted from written dramas, and they abound in striking or effective situations. The interest is sustained throughout, and the characters, although seldom elaborated, are cleverly and consistently conceived. Mr. Dubourg shows no little knowledge of the working of the human heart, and analyses the course of the feelings and passions with considerable subtlety and delicacy. Nor do we know that his stories are at all the less piquant that there is some slight tendency to exaggeration and caricature, since they scarcely degenerate into the melodramatic. If one objected that some of his incidents are far-fetched or unnatural, he would probably answer that he is a firm believer in the power of love, and has honestly embodied the faith that is in him. The love he delineates and illustrates is by no means a merely ethereal and spiritual influence, but the natural feeling of flesh and blood. We are far from saying that there is anything immoral or even unpleasantly sensuous in his tone. But it is certain that he sometimes lands his heroines in frames of mind that are dangerous, and subjects them to compromising impulses. In their overwrought excitement, they burst out into language which is blunt and free-spoken, to say the least of it; but if he brings them to the brink of the opportunities that may make them Magdalens, he always makes repentance precede the fall. His treatment of religious or pseudo-religious subjects we like much less. Clearly he has a holy horror of cant; but his detestation of it carries him decidedly too far. His mockery of snuffing morality and sanctimonious talk sometimes approaches very nearly to profanity, which is the less explicable or excusable since the artistic temptation is so small. Nothing, we should fancy, can be more easy to reel off by the yard than such a parody when once a little practice has taught one the knack of it; and, were it not so, the class of people whom Mr. Dubourg caricatures with so much iteration would not lay themselves so naturally open to his ridicule. It is an error in taste, and in judgment as well, in a man who may cherish the ambition of being popular; since, for one reader that his levity entertains, at least half a dozen will feel more or less scandalized.

This sin of taste and style chiefly pervades the first of the stories. Mabel Smith, "the old man's darling," has married the wealthy Jacob Vaughan that she may make her poverty-stricken family comfortable. She had a previous attachment, and had parted from the man who had her heart because neither he nor she had a shilling. Vaughan buys her deliberately, and she sells herself to shame and suffering with her eyes open. It is a tacit condition of the contract that he is to take care of her parents, and, above all, of her invalid sister Mary. Mary is a sorrow-stricken saint, with stock passages of Scripture and the stereotyped phrases of the godly perpetually on her lips. She blesses heaven for a Brussels carpet or for a brace of partridges and bread sauce, as she might for some crowning mercy, whether temporal or spiritual. Her parents chime in, with Mr. Simeon, their petted minister, who, in his weakness for such carnal comforts as a well-cooked dinner or a glass of hot spirits and water, reminds us very much of the Shepherd in *Pickwick*. But we must remark that, though the Smiths and their pastor nauseate us with habitual cant, we are not to set them down as hypocrites. We believe at first as a matter of course that that is Mr. Dubourg's meaning; subsequently, however, it appears evident that they are honest according to their narrow lights, and that it is merely an excess of spiritual pride that blinds them to their exceeding selfishness. They accept all Mabel's sacrifices on their behalf as blessings due to interpositions of Providence; and when she crushes down her love in the extremity of self-abnegation, they offer her their heartfelt congratulations on her triumphs over the flesh and the devil. Mary's death is really rather touching; for though her tricks of thought and speech cling to her to the last, yet in her dying moments she has some vision of the truth, and her real love for her sister asserts itself. But perhaps the most original character in the story is Miss Margaret Lindsay. Miss Lindsay, although she is a thoroughly good woman, who always carries a bagful of tracts in her hand, pointing her sarcasms by selecting tracts with suitable titles, is a great favourite of the author's. She rises superior to prejudices, and, far from being afraid of compromising her good name, she takes under her special protection the victims of shame or scandal. But Miss Lindsay has a most potent belief in the personality of the devil. She considers it her particular mission to combat him, as she has carefully studied his wiles, and flatters herself that she is in the secrets of his strategy. She cannot help respecting his malignant power in her heart, but it is her policy and practice to load him with expressions of contempt and opprobrium. Proud of the chivalrous bearing of her race, she models her behaviour on that of her warlike kinsmen, and especially of her lamented

* *Four Studies of Love*. By A. W. Dubourg, Joint Author of the Comedy "New Men and Old Acres." London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1877.

brother Bob, who had the habit of hitting straight from the shoulder as a boy, and who met a soldier's death in the campaign of the Sutlej. "Beast," "hound," "scoundrel," "serpent," are a few of the choice flowers of language with which the lady pelts our great adversary. And she has a hard fight of it to save Mabel from him. Vaughan, who has always been jealous of his wife, devoted nurse as she was to him, has left her rich under the stringent condition of sacrificing everything should she marry again. She would gladly resign all, could she marry her early love, but that would be the renunciation of the fruits of her former devotion, since her family would once more be condemned to destitution. Besides, her lover Foster's only chance of an income lies in a most unhealthy climate, which has already nearly proved fatal. Her husband's relatives, to whom she had been romantically generous while she believed herself absolute mistress of her fortune, treat her with brutal and sanctimonious harshness. It is only from Miss Lindsay that she gets the slightest sympathy. Foster, in his selfishness and his firm principles of honour, proves himself worthy of her; but she sees her last hopes of happiness slipping away, while the man she has never ceased to adore is doomed to a lingering death. She passes through some very painful and pathetic scenes before she is absolutely driven to despair. Then, in a state of mind bordering on insanity, she boldly offers herself to Foster on any terms. The knot of all these heart-wearing difficulties would be cut when she had once decided to live with him as his mistress. Miss Lindsay, almost as much beside herself as Mabel, is free to acknowledge that Satan holds winning cards; but, with the indomitable courage and constancy that are her characteristics, she fights out the desperate game to the last. And the story tells the way in which she wins it by the help of Mabel's good angel, though the wealth for which Mabel sold herself from a mistaken sense of duty has taken to itself wings, and relieved her of its curse.

The next most important story is "Vittoria Contarini." In that, as the name implies, the scene is laid in Venice. It is in the last days of the Austrian rule in Italy, when the series of Prussian victories in Bohemia were shaking the outlying fibres of the Empire. There is a good deal of humour mingled with pathos in the description of the Contarini household and the up-bringing of the beautiful Vittoria. All the members of the reduced establishment were spies in the Austrian pay, which the noble Contarini himself is perfectly well aware of. Pietro, the male factorum of all work, can parade his disinterested devotion in serving for scanty wages since he is so exceedingly well paid elsewhere. His master affects to be touched and grateful, congratulating himself on being able to checkmate him. But the ablest and most trusted of the spies of the Austrian governor Falkenberg is a certain Father Onofio. The Franciscan friar is no other than the high-born Count Grimani, and Grimani is the affianced husband of Vittoria. He is chief of the great secret society too, and an enormous price is set upon the head for which he professes to be hunting indefatigably. Admitting the possibility of his well-sustained disguise, it is easy to imagine the dramatic situation that naturally arises out of it. But additional and more original complications are introduced by an outrage offered to Vittoria. Colonel von Swettenheim, a *deus sabreur* and an accomplished Don Juan, imprints a libertine kiss on the lady's lips as she passes through the Piazza of Saint Marc. Her brother resents it with a blow, and a mortal duel seems inevitable. To save her brother, Vittoria seeks an interview with Von Swettenheim, in which of course she exposes herself to terrible misconstruction. The dignity with which she repels his advances alters his mind about her, though not his purpose. He permits her brother to wound him, that he may win her through her passionate gratitude. She proves her gratitude by saving him from a projected massacre of the Austrians; but in saving him she betrays the plot, and foils the purpose of the patriotic conspirators who are headed by her father and Grimani. They cast her off as a traitress, and the excited mob would have torn her to pieces. But, by a sudden and almost incredible transformation, Von Swettenheim's passion for her becomes purity itself; and he behaves with a chivalrous disinterestedness that wins his pardon and very much more. The eyes of her resentful relatives are opened to the actual story of the misconception; they are set free on the morning of their execution by the news of the cession of Venetia to France; and they recognize the nobility of Von Swettenheim, who had been straining every nerve to save them. The somewhat intricate plot is planned with practised ingenuity; and though it undoubtedly involves some strain on our credulity, the final solution is both pleasant and probable.

We need not go into details as to the two remaining stories, which are very similar in their conception and treatment. "Basil's Faith" sets forth the confidence of a high-minded man in the virtue of an injured woman, and he is rewarded by a happy marriage with her, for vindicating her from undeserved aspersions. In "Bitter Fruit," an erring wife painfully works out her repentance in the hospitals at Scutari, and she has the recompense of being reconciled to the husband, whose life she has saved by indefatigable nursing, although she has died in the effort. In fact, these tales are in many respects so good that we are positively inclined to regret their brevity; and we shall be glad to meet Mr. Dubourg on some future occasion, when he may have favoured us with a novel of the regulation length, free from the faults which disfigure his present volumes.

HALL'S ENGLISH ADJECTIVES IN -ABLE.*

WE remember long ago—we think it was in one of the sharp little notes in the now deceased *Christian Remembrancer*—some comments on foot-notes, in which certain books were said to be "all foot-notes, a very *podagra* of literature." Here is truly "a *podagra* of literature" in the shape of this little book of Mr. Fitzedward Hall. For page after page, there is only one line of text at the head of notes upon notes. And in this particular case we are not disposed to object to the *podagra*. The notes are worth much more than the text. Mr. Hall has devoted much zeal and much reading to a very strange purpose, the defence of the word "reliable." Mr. Hall's championship is purely disinterested. We learn from one of his notes that he has written "some eight thousand printed pages, mostly quite unknown and altogether likely to remain so," and that in all these eight thousand pages he has never used the word but once. The one time when Mr. Hall indulged himself with the use of "reliable" was in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for 1861, p. 195, "where," he adds, "in a foot-note, I have discussed, at some length, the disputed legitimacy of the expression." We are sorry that we cannot verify Mr. Hall's reference offhand; but we can believe that we have in the present volume the substance of the foot-note in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. At the same time we are really obliged to Mr. Hall for "a piece of information" which he tells us that "the reader may consider to be just as valuable as he pleases." We do consider it to be very valuable. If Mr. Hall, who has no objection to the word "reliable," who, on the other hand, is so fond of it that he writes a book in its defence, can write eight thousand pages, whether folio or duodecimo, and in all that mass of writing finds only one occasion when there is any need to use the word "reliable," we hardly need any further argument to prove that the word "reliable" is a word that we can very well do without. If nothing else can be said against it, it is surely at least needless, when its special champion can write 7,999 pages without using it. It seems impossible that, in the course of those 7,999 pages, he should never once have to express the idea which "reliable" is supposed to express; so we must conclude that, every time that he had that idea to express, he found some better way to express it. Mr. Hall's judgment is, "That the English-speaking world has benefited by the introduction of *reliable*, is beyond question." Surely Mr. Hall, who has used the word only once, must feel some qualms at thinking how little he has himself done to benefit the English-speaking world in this particular. Perhaps the book before us may be his penance for the sad failure. Still it is cruel of him not to tell us what the special case was when, once in 8,000 pages, he found that he could not do without "reliable." It is too bad to send us to the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for 1861, p. 195. We should really like to know how a man who had steadily resisted temptation—for in Mr. Hall's case it must have been temptation—7,999 times, came at last to yield the 8,000th time. In the absence of any such explanation, we can only infer that it was hardly worth while to invent a word which even the man who writes a book in its defence does not find himself called on to use more than once in a lifetime.

It is really, when we come to think of it, one of the funniest things that we have ever come across, that a man who, like Mr. Hall, has plainly read a great deal should not only take up the cause of so ugly a client as "reliable," but should work himself up to such a pitch of zeal as to write a book especially in its favour. One would have thought that a foot-note—at all events a foot-note of the length of one of Mr. Hall's foot-notes—was quite as much as "reliable" could look for at the hands of either its friends or its enemies. But here is a whole book, not indeed all about "reliable" from one end to the other, but of which "reliable" is the leading idea from one end to the other. A vast mass of extracts is piled together to show that "reliable" is as good as a great many other words which have got into use. We are not aware that anybody ever denied this; but we do not see what it proves on behalf of "reliable." But when Mr. Hall shovels out the whole mass of his reading in every quarter—a reading which, for the English of several centuries past, is beyond doubt really great—it cannot but happen that we learn something from his huge mass of extracts. No doubt they are a hindrance to any continuous study of Mr. Hall's own text; human nature fails before the task of reading, in the strict sense of the word, those parts of the book where we get only a line in each page. But Mr. Hall's extracts do illustrate a curious page in the history of the English language. They bring out with great clearness how much our language has lost by losing its power of coining abstract words in English. If we had only kept some such ending as the German *bar*, we might have been spared, not only "reliable," but all these strange words in *-able* and *-ible* altogether. The upshot of the vast mass of instances which Mr. Hall has got together comes to something like this. When our tongue had pretty well lost its power of forming anything like an abstract adjective from its own stores—a power which German still keeps—people began to cast about to supply the want from foreign sources. Sometimes they adopted real Latin or French words, against which there is just as much and just as little to say as against any other Latin or French words which have made their way into English. In other cases they took any verb, whether real English or a foreign intruder, and stuck on the

* *English Adjectives in -able, with Special Reference to Reliable.* By Fitzedward Hall, C.E., M.A., Hon. D.C.L. Oxon. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

ending-able, without much regard to subtleties about active and passive. Thus, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth, a crowd of words were formed by different writers, many of which won for themselves a lasting place in the received English vocabulary, while a yet greater number failed to do so. And there is no denying that, both among those which succeeded and among those which failed, there were some which were quite as bad as "reliable." "Laughable," for instance, if we heard it for the first time, would sound every bit as bad as "reliable." So would perhaps "accountable," certainly "unaccountable." As a study in the history of the language, all this is quite worth notice. It shows the odd shifts to which a language is driven when it has, like ours, lost the power of coining words out of its own substance. And of course any large collection of extracts illustrating any of the usages of language has its use in other ways. But we do not see that it helps the least in the way in which Mr. Hall wishes it to help. Mr. Hall's chief argument is from consistency. If you use other words which are as bad, you cannot object to "reliable." Yes; we can; neither in language nor in morals does one wrong step justify another. In neither case can any man be wholly consistent; the best man is he who is least inconsistent. Because a phrase, a word, a custom, which we should be better without has got so firmly established that there is no hope of getting rid of it, that is no reason why we should not withstand the first beginnings of another phrase, word, or custom of the same kind, the establishment of which we may be able to hinder.

Mr. Hall is evidently one of the sect who think it well to be angry. He begins with a rude attack on Sir J. F. Stephen, which lasts through several pages. He goes on with rude attacks of the like kind on several other people. And it is worth notice that the one writer whom he quotes with cordial admiration is Professor Whitney, who in the same way disfigures real attainments by his violent way of speaking of everybody. Mr. Hall gets specially angry when anything is called an "Americanism," commonly without understanding what is meant by those who so call it. It may be that "reliable," like many other strange words, was used, perhaps invented, by Coleridge. But there can be no doubt that it was through American use that the word became at all familiar. So Mr. Hall gets very angry at "proclivity" being called an "American corruption of the language." Such it undoubtedly is. It proves nothing when Mr. Hall quotes a string of seventeenth-century writers as using "proclivity," along with many other words of the same kind, Sir Thomas Brown's "crang" among them. We will not rule too positively that in some kind of technical discourse "proclivity" might not be allowed; but its familiar use is undoubtedly American. It came in at the time of the American Civil War, when people began to talk about "Northern" or "Southern proclivities"—a very awkward, ugly, and needless way of saying that a man took this or that side in politics. So certain uses of the word "guess" and "calculate" are undoubtedly American, though no one thinks that the words themselves were invented in America. It is quite true that many so-called Americanisms are perfectly good seventeenth-century words and phrases which have lived on in America while they have died out or become uncommon in England. We remember a foolish traveller who was troubled because he heard the autumn called the "fall," and a valley called a "bottom." Nor will we take upon ourselves to say that "guess," in its American use, may not be one of the same family. "Calculate" seeks to translate the New Testament phrase "I reckon." But "proclivity" and "reliable" stand on a different ground, or rather on no ground at all. Mr. Hall tries very hard to prove that "reliable" is wanted, and that "trustworthy" will not do as well. The answer is that Mr. Hall has himself proved that either "trustworthy" or some other word will do as well, by writing 7,999 printed pages in which the word "reliable" is not to be found.

As specimens of Mr. Hall's own style of writing and reasoning, we may give one or two sentences which certainly very easily account for the fact that the 8,000 pages are "mostly quite unknown and altogether likely to remain so":—

Be reliable how bad soever, it would be hard to prove that Americans employ it more than Englishmen; and that which seems, to Dr. Latham, a probability, is such, it may be presumed, merely on the persuasion of sinister preoccupation.

In a note Mr. Hall adds:—

Something of the same spirit as Dr. Latham's transpires through the title-page of a work begun, in 1863, by Dr. E. A. Freeman: "The History of Federal Government from the Foundation of the Achaian League to the Disruption of the United States."

We have read this over several times, hoping to find out what it has to do with "reliable," and we have been wholly baffled. Perhaps the connexion is something "rhenatic"—a favourite word of Mr. Hall's, which he is not kind enough to translate. Lastly, Mr. Hall winds up:—

That the English-speaking world has benefited by the introduction of reliable, is beyond question. Nevertheless, the incurable conceit of *αἰδὸς ἑῆς* and *ἐκέρκεια*, on the part of those who have already denounced it, will, doubtless, operate, in the teeth of facts, to their denouncing it still. Nor will they want abundant echoes; seeing that ninety and nine in every hundred of us all, helpless slaves of what a metaphysician might call the sequacious diathesis, habitually do our thinking and judging by deputy, on almost all matters which call for patient research, for close observation, or even for mental exertion.

When it comes to "sequacious diathesis,"

"Ohe, jam satis est, ohe, libelle."

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.—IRELAND.*

PROBABLY there is more information for English readers contained in these volumes of Irish State Papers than in any others of the series issued under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. So little is known of the state of Ireland in the reign of James I. that we are glad to find that the preface to the recently published volume has not been cut down to the dimensions prescribed in the new set of Instructions to Editors. These instructions are in the main so judicious that we are a little surprised at the arbitrary selection of the limit of fifty pages for the preface to each volume. We do not know under what permission the editors of the present volume have lengthened their preface to seventy-two pages for the period of four years commencing with January 1611 and ending December 1614; but we cannot affect to regret that they have done so, for the observations they have there made will prove of very great value to readers who are not tolerably acquainted with Irish affairs of the period.

The volume does not contain any of the interesting and exciting matter we have had occasion to refer to in reviewing previous volumes of the series. There is not a great deal to notice till we come to the second half of it, where the meeting of Parliament of May 18, 1613, is narrated. There had never been so long an interval between two Parliaments as now—twenty-seven years having elapsed since the last was summoned. The consequence was that few people understood the proper forms or were provided with the proper dress to appear in the House. Mere ignorance of form, however, will not be sufficient to account for the singular proceedings at the election of Sir John Davys, the Attorney-General, as Speaker of the Lower House. Upon a division taken in the usual way, those who were for the affirmative leaving the House in order that the numbers of both parties might be counted, it appeared that Sir John Davys was elected by 127 votes out of 232, which was the whole number of members. But the Catholic party, or Recusants, as they were called, gathered themselves together in what the narrator calls a *plumpe*, in order that they might not be numbered, and then thrust Sir John Everard into the Speaker's chair. Whereupon two gentlemen lifted the Attorney-General in their arms and placed him in the chair in the lap of Sir John Everard, upon which he and his party left the House and refused to return, alleging that they appealed to the Lord Deputy. It was but a poor beginning of a Parliament of which the Lord Deputy, upon the Speaker being presented to him in the Upper House, ventured to say that "this Parliament excelled all the former as well in respect of the felicity of the time wherein it is called as of the number and worthiness of the persons that are called into it." It was not to be wondered at that Carew, writing in July, should observe that the "face of this Parliament now prorogued threatens ensuing mischiefs."

Those who have not read the preceding volumes of this series of Irish State Papers will best understand the position of affairs by reading through No. 732, which professedly contains a brief relation of proceedings in the Parliament, but in reality gives a short account of Irish disaffection and the methods taken to conquer it from the death of Elizabeth to the date of writing. The writer glances at the failure of the attempt to substitute priests for ministers in Waterford, Cork, and Limerick, and the rejection of the subsequent petition presented by Tyrone at Hampton Court, in which the petitioners had pleaded for a free toleration of their religion. He then goes on to explain how six counties of Ulster had been devastated by the flight of Tyrone and Tyreconnell and the rebellion of O'Doherty and others, and how, notwithstanding all the King's gentleness in not enforcing the execution of laws in matters of religion, the Recusants had even in the English pale rebuilt monasteries where friars publicly preached and said Mass, and actually resisted the payment of twelfthpence for not coming to church on Sunday to hear "dearly beloved brethren" read in a language which few of them understood. It is singular how little a writer as well acquainted as anybody in that day with Irish character could understand how hopeless was the attempt to force a religion which they hated on a reluctant people. The real grievance in the present instance was the attempt to override the old constituencies of the country by creating new Corporations for what was called the encouragement of the new plantations in Ulster. The English Government had fair warning of the prevailing feeling. The Lords of the English Pale had written to the King in the November preceding inveighing against the new Corporations, and promising firm and faithful obedience to the King if only he would withdraw such laws as touched religion; and on the very day before the meeting of Parliament they presented a petition to the Lord Deputy to the same effect, and within ten days after, the Lords, following the example of the Commons, refused attendance in the house, crying out, "Away with the new Corporations; cast Davys out of the chair, and place Everard in it!" What chance could there be of coercing the religion of a people under the influence of Franciscan friars who preached in the open air to thousands of persons, telling them that the words spoken by English ministers were the devil's words and all should be damned that

* *Calendar of the State Papers relating to Ireland of the Reign of James I. 1611-1614, Preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office, and elsewhere.* Edited by the Rev. C. W. Russell, D.D., and John P. Prendergast, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the Sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longmans & Co.; Trübner & Co. 1877.

heard them, and encouraging them with prophecies of Tyrconnell's return at the head of 18,000 men sent by the King of Spain, and showing them a book which foretold that England would reign but two years more over Ireland? No wonder it was found necessary to prorogue the Parliament till November. Meanwhile a Commission was issued to inquire into the facts of the case as regards the elections and the grievances alleged; and, from the Report given, it appears how utterly unable the Government was to enforce the laws against Recusants.

Notwithstanding this inauspicious beginning, in the Session which began October 11, 1614, everything went on, as the Deputy informs the King, "in orderly and civil fashion." The Parliament passed an Act for the attainder of Tyrone, Tyrconnell, and others, and, what Sir John Davys considered the most important measure that had been passed for three hundred years, the newly-erected boroughs of Ulster were recognized, and, he observes, "will be perpetual seminaries of Protestant burgesses, since it is provided in the charters that the Provost and twelve chief burgesses who are to elect all the rest, must always be such as will take the oath of supremacy." The Speaker's inaugural address threw oil upon the troubled waters, and with a goodly sprinkling of quotations from Latin authors he assured them that he had never doubted that "of that stormy beginning there would come a calm end." And three weeks afterwards, in a private letter to Sir Ralph Wynwood, he describes the unanimity of feeling in the House as being such, that, "if they could meet as willingly and agree as well in a church as they do in a Parliament house, the King should have no cause to maintain any garrison or army in Ireland."

Religion was, in fact, at that time, as it has always been in Ireland, the one insurmountable difficulty. The only thing that is hard to account for in the whole history is the infatuation of a Government that trusted to win over the natives from the influence of the Jesuits by such miserable tools as they used when they expected the bishops of the Establishment to convert them. There was nothing taught by these men but the coarsest Calvinism—a fact which peeps out in these papers, and will be patent to the observation of all when the editors of these volumes reach the year 1617, when the whole of that miserable creed was added to the Thirty-Nine Articles, and adopted by Convocation and Parliament alike. But, independently of their teaching, the scandal of their lives was quite enough to repel any serious inquirers from the belief that they had any sense of morality or religion. This volume is full of indications of the avarice of Protestant Archbishops and Bishops in alienating the lands of their sees to the injury of their successors. So glaring was this fault that the King himself wrote to the Deputy complaining of it, and instancing in particular the Bishop of Derry and the Archbishop of Armagh, whom the Deputy is directed to restrain from perpetrating such enormities for the future. The late Bishop of Derry, it appears, had by these means reduced the value of the bishopric from 1,000*l.* to 400*l.* a year. Nor was avarice the only, or the worst, scandal that existed. Another prelate, the Bishop of Down, had "procured an odious and unlawful separation from his wife, to the great obloquy of the world, and the offence of the religious and well-minded"; but, having timely notice of the prosecution intended to be brought against him, he made off to Scotland. It appears that, amongst sundry other misdemeanours, he had suborned false witnesses to defame his wife in order to get a divorce from her.

Much less, however, could the Government hope to succeed by making martyrs of their bishops and priests. This volume merely alludes to the intention to try to execute the aged Catholic Bishop of Down; we must go elsewhere for the account of the execution of the Bishop and of a priest who was captured with him, and of the reverence for his relics, which were firmly believed by the multitude to have wrought a miraculous cure on a lame man. And yet so foolish were the Protestant bishops that they entertained hopes of converting the Jesuits by argument, as appears by the account given at the beginning of the volume by Babington, Bishop of Derry, who fancied he had persuaded several of them to use the liturgy of the Church of England and join with him in his efforts to "bring this rude and uncivilized people to some good conformity." Undoubtedly, if what the Bishop alleges as to his success with them has any truth in it, it is a very exceptional instance. The constant complaints through the whole volume of the entire failure of all attempts to tamper with the religion of the people leads us to the supposition that Bishop Babington was making out the best case he could in order to propitiate Lord Salisbury in his application for money to meet the "consequent expenses" of this system of proselytizing. The Bishop's representations, which have so much of the *couleur de rose* about them, are contradicted point-blank by a letter written a month later by the Deputy to Salisbury, telling him that "in matters of religion they grow every day more and more contemptuous of them and their profession, and more and more bold and audacious in setting up and maintaining of their own." It appears from several other letters that they did not expect to make converts excepting amongst "the chosen of Jesus Christ." As may be supposed, all the "uniform order set down for suppressing of Papistry and planting of the Church" was utterly unavailing. What could be expected but that the report should go that, "in the advancement of the Gospel, their travels are no way fruitful," when the same writer avows that, with the exception of the Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. Challoner, and Mr. Usher, "he can name no man of the ministry in the kingdom who has knowledge or care to propagate the

Evangel." The falling off, indeed, was so great that he observes that in cases "where hundreds used to come to church scarcely six make their appearance there now."

We have confined our attention chiefly to ecclesiastical matters, because they form the most interesting part of the volume, and have been entirely omitted in the valuable preface of the editors to which we have already referred. And we must content ourselves with referring to that preface for an interesting account of the "Pirates in the Irish seas," and of the original scheme of the plantation of Ulster.

COTTAGE HOSPITALS.*

TWENTY years ago such an institution as a Cottage Hospital did not exist. At the present time there are probably two hundred of them. Only five counties in England are without at least one of these invaluable homes for the sick poor. But the supply still falls far short of what is needed, and, strange to say, the enthusiasm with which the movement was taken up seems to be dying away, and fewer cottage hospitals have been founded in the last three years than in the eight which preceded them. It is very difficult to give any reason for this falling off. Not six per cent. of those started have failed. Public opinion seems more than ever in favour of treating patients, when it is possible, in small groups. The increasing use of machinery in agriculture causes accidents to happen where the sufferers are far away from the county town, and require more experienced treatment than they are likely to receive in their own homes. Can it be that, amongst the numbers of unemployed women who are always agitating for something to do, matrons competent to carry on this work wisely, when once it has been started, cannot be found? Of course in a real village hospital the matron is everything. She must be housekeeper, nurse, friend, and sometimes doctor and cook to her patients. The ideal matron would decide when Smith, who had been crushed in the quarry, might be allowed to see his sweetheart, how often she should come, and how long she might remain; whether it would be safe to admit Hodge's scolding wife, and how soon Sally Jones might be visited by her children. It would be her business to refuse or accept the offerings of kind neighbours, to smooth the difficulties between rival doctors, to be polite to the Methodist preacher, to be stern in carrying out the orders of the doctor. In short, the matron of a village hospital would need to possess all the qualities which secure success in life—qualities which not one mother in a thousand ever seeks to develop in her daughters. From the want of early training in common everyday duties arises a great deal of that incompetence which is the true secret of the scarcity of "women's work." Almost every known system of nursing has been tried in cottage hospital management. Mr. Burdett gives an admirable summary of the different experiments, and divides the nurses at present employed into four classes—first, the trained nurse from some institution, church guild, or sisterhood; secondly, a married woman without children; thirdly, a woman belonging to the parish who has had some experience, supplemented by a short special training; fourthly, a good assistant-nurse from the county hospital. Each type has its merits and its defects. The first-class nurse is often unwilling or unable to look after the housekeeping and domestic arrangements. A respectable couple without encumbrance might in many cases be found suitable, as the man could look after the garden, without which no cottage hospital is complete; but married couples without children are much sought after, and are consequently scarce. A good-tempered, cheerful, homely body, with some experience in nursing, seems a likely person to answer the purpose; but then she probably turns out to be full of prejudices and wanting in method and management. On the whole, a good assistant-nurse from the county hospital is perhaps the best, until there are ladies to be had who will take up the profession in earnest and qualify themselves for the position of combined matron and nurse.

Mr. Burdett deserves the thanks of the medical profession as well as of every one interested in the sick poor for the admirable little book he has compiled, which is fortunately so cheap as to be within the reach of even a slender purse. It was no easy task to collect and then tabulate his materials. Difficulties of all kinds had to be got over; at one or two places all information was refused. Some hospitals being privately supported, the donors did not think it necessary to give particulars of how the money was spent. At Weston-super-Mare the secretary declined to supply statistics unless a guinea in payment was guaranteed. With regard to this place, however, Dr. Waring, in a pamphlet published in 1867, tells us something:—

Quite another mode of establishing a small hospital has been followed at Weston-super-Mare, which, whenever practicable, is well worthy of imitation. It originated amongst the working classes themselves, on subscriptions of a penny a week, and in the course of the first eight or nine weeks 30*l.* were thus collected. The Committee of workmen appointed to carry out the plan were most energetic in their endeavours, and, to their credit be it said, they collected by pence alone, amongst all classes it is presumed, an annual sum of 160*l.*

It is strange that the secretary should have refused any particulars with regard to management which might have been useful to

* *The Cottage Hospital; its Origin, Progress, Management, and Work.* By Henry C. Burdett, Sanitary Commissioner to the "Sanitary Record," &c. London: J. & A. Churchill. 1877.

others. Still, notwithstanding all impediments, Mr. Burdett has succeeded in collecting a large mass of information, and arranging it in so clear and businesslike a fashion that no one in possession of his book need hesitate to start a cottage hospital because he does not know how to set about the matter. There is a record of the successes and failures in a large number of instances. There is sound advice which will enable beginners to escape the pitfalls into which others have fallen, and to avoid those mistakes which, once made, are often irreparable. There are short hints upon the proper treatment of cases requiring prompt attention, which, if printed separately, would make a more useful tract for distribution than many of those ordinarily left by the district visitor. There are, besides, plans for the erection of suitable buildings, and directions how to make use of an ordinary small cottage. The great secret of success seems to be not to attempt too much until a little experience shows what are the real requirements of the neighbourhood, and what annual subscriptions may be counted upon.

With regard to expenses, the difference is enormous. In one case fifty pounds will serve to start a cottage hospital; in another it seems to require several thousands. Mr. Burdett finds that "the average annual expenditure in 100 cottage hospitals having an average number of 8 beds, and in 34 of which the average number of beds occupied is 6, is 340*l.* 10*s.* This gives the cost per bed as 42*l.* 10*s.* on the whole number, or 57*l.* per bed occupied. When it is considered that the average cost per bed at a hospital like the London was 54*l.* in 1875, being 59*l.* per bed actually occupied, while at Charing Cross the cost was respectively 68*l.* and 91*l.*, and at the Middlesex Hospital 59*l.* in the one case and 72*l.* in the other, it will be seen that, on the score of economy alone, the cottage hospital has much in its favour." It is impossible here to enter into the different details given as to the collection and management of funds, or to discuss in how far the payment by patients has been successfully carried out. It will require a still longer trial to enable us to come to just conclusions on several difficult points, many of which however Mr. Burdett has done much to simplify. Very few cottage hospitals have mortuaries. It even sometimes happens that, if a patient dies, the authorities insist upon the body being taken home by the friends and kept till the burial. The cost of a small building suitable for all ordinary requirements should not be more than two hundred and fifty pounds. The gain to public health and public morality is well worth the outlay. These mortuaries might be lent in any case of sudden death when an inquest was required, and would be a decided improvement upon the present place for such painful inquiries, the nearest public-house. Mr. Burdett observes:—

It is scarcely necessary here to dwell at length upon the horrors a death causes in a crowded cottage, where probably the whole family, six or eight in number, are compelled to find sleeping accommodation somehow in two small rooms, badly lighted, and often worse ventilated. What must be the condition of a family like this when a death occurs? They have to choose between two evils, for, being engaged in hard outdoor labour during the day, they must perforce sleep during the night. Either some of them must occupy the room which common decency, to say nothing of a regard for health, demands should be given up exclusively to the dead, or the whole family must shift as best they can in the other room, small and unsited though it be at the best. . . . If an epidemic of any infectious disease breaks out in a place where a mortuary is unknown, the living and healthy have to occupy the same small cottage with the infectious dead.

One of the great pleas in favour of village hospitals is that a patient may feel himself quite at home and yet be free from all home worries. A man laid up with a broken leg can see his wife and children occasionally, but he is not kept awake, when sleep means recovery, by a wailing baby. From the window he can catch glimpses of his neighbours' houses, but he is safe from their injudicious, if well-meant, interference. The familiar sound of the church clock tells him how the night is going. The parson, with whose appearance at least he is familiar, is less disagreeable than the strange chaplain of the county infirmary. The doctor who has already attended him is likely to inspire more confidence than a stranger who looks upon the patient as merely number so-and-so, to be speedily forgotten when another case replaces him in the crowded wards. In an early number of *Good Words* Dr. Wynter spoke of the benefit to the invalid of feeling himself linked to those outside by kindly sympathy. "The newly-laid egg is permitted, with the approval of the surgeon, to reach the patient; the pat of butter, the wine sent by the mistress, the beef-tea coming to an old servant from the 'big house,' are not ruthlessly withheld." Then, too, the friendly interest aroused is good for those outside. Whenever the links of sympathy can be kept up between rich and poor, much is done for both parties. There is no doubt that both doctor and parson benefit enormously by a judiciously managed village hospital. A country practitioner is often greatly overworked in consequence of the long distances which separate his patients. He is constantly prevented from giving to a serious case the care and frequent visits which he knows it requires. When the dangerously ill can be brought together near his house they may have several visits a day, when otherwise they might not be sure of even one. The clergyman of the parish often becomes acquainted with those who never enter a church, and who avoid him in his visits to their homes. A cordial feeling may thus spring up and a wholesome influence be gained. There is still one other most important benefit to be touched on, and that is the great advantage of not being obliged to move patients long distances. The county infirmary is often miles away. There is no conveyance to be had but a jolting cart. The weather

is severe, and the patient, who would have had a good chance of recovery, is perhaps killed by the long journey he is obliged to take in search of the skilful nursing which he might have had near home if his village had possessed a cottage hospital.

KING OR KNAVE?*

THE author of *Hilda and I* and *Spiders and Flies* has in her new novel judiciously eschewed the legal technicalities of one of her plots and the inordinate sensationalism of the other; she has kept clear of the Court of Chancery, and has not made a waxwork effigy do duty for an invalid lady whose death it was convenient to conceal. In *King or Knave?* Mrs. Hartley tells a tale of life as it is, or, in the main, conceivably might be. It is a tale in which there are perhaps two heroines, but certainly no hero; where the leading female characters are pure, earnest, and unselfish, but the men, as a rule, the slaves of either weakness or vanity or ill-temper; whilst the plot in which they figure turns on the temptations of the racecourse and the gaming-table, which in real life cause the transference of estates and county influence quite as rapidly and strangely as in the pages of fiction. From the title it might seem as if a hero were contemplated; but the note of interrogation indicates a doubt, which it takes the best part of the two volumes to solve.

The story opens with the arrival at a country parsonage of two children of an Indian colonel, Godfrey and Rhoda Duncombe, twelve and six years old, and an orphan girl of the age of eight, Beatrice Latimer, who is dependent on an uncle of uncertain temper, to be brought up by the rector and his wife. An interchange of family data between the children ends with a promise of the impulsive lad to the friendless but sprightly Beatrice, "that he will love her and take care of her always"; and the delicacy of his little sister's health, together with Beatrice's growing addiction to her king and hero's whims and sports and occupations, tends to cement this more than brotherly intimacy during his vacations. A scene, prettily told, of his trying on his uniform, after getting his commission in a cavalry regiment, first lets us into the secret of Beatrice's heart; for though "she never told her love," she was one of those whose heroes go forth to forget, while the stay-at-home nurses her first fancy into the passion of a life. Soon after Godfrey joins his regiment, and before Sir Ernest (who has succeeded to the family estate and baronetcy) can reach Heatherton Rectory with Lady Duncombe, death has robbed them of their delicate Rhoda, who, in dying, commended Beatrice to their care and affection. The Baronet is an Anglo-Indian with a liver, and his lady a vain ex-beauty; but they take kindly to Beatrice, with whose future, however, her crotchety uncle, Mr. Elphinstone, now begins to interfere. For two years he allows her a finishing governess at the Rectory, and the time is varied by visits to the Duncombes at Shirley. Meanwhile Godfrey is not staunch to his first love, nor keeps his heart free from tares. He has got among gamblers and swindlers, the worst of whom is one Tyler, a *soi-disant* major; the best, a careless adventurer Forrester, who has a refined and lady-like step-daughter, Jessica Middleton, to keep his house at Wingfield Manor. The pity which Jessica evinces for Godfrey when she sees him entangled in the company of her stepfather's associates is mistaken by the vain young man, unwitting of her cherished attachment and reverence for a friend of her late father's—the same Mr. Elphinstone who is Beatrice's guardian—for reciprocation of his addresses. Of Mr. Elphinstone we get a vision at his house in Queen's Gate, where Beatrice Latimer meets him on a set day, as a tall, handsome man of forty, who gives her two fingers, puts her through her paces, and is secretly pleased by her independence. From him she returns to Shirley, where she stays for months, a favourite with both Sir Ernest and his wife. Godfrey comes home for Christmas, and tells Beatrice his difficulties, but suppresses all mention of Jessica. At some private theatricals an accident to a young lady who was to have played Pauline to Godfrey's Claude Melnotte, in the *Lady of Lyons*, necessitates good-natured Beatrice's taking the part at the eleventh hour, though not altogether with Lady Duncombe's approval. The account of the acting is lively enough, and, as one might suppose, the old deep-rooted love for Godfrey, "never realized in its intensity till that night," made Beatrice's words of passionate devotion, and the tale told in the depths of her dark eyes, entrance the audience and win their unbounded applause.

The next we see of Godfrey is at a shabby London lodging of Tyler's, picking up a hint or two from the Major, but losing several hundreds to him at *écarté*, through his luck in always turning up the King. For a time, nevertheless, fortune seems to befriend him. Going down to Ascot with Mr. Forrester and Jessica to see his horse Larkspur run, he is more bent on getting Jessica to take an interest in his horse than on cultivating his own family, who are also there; but on returning to her side, which he had left for a few minutes, he finds it occupied by a distinguished-looking man, with whom she is evidently on terms of old and close intimacy—a sight almost enough to spoil the triumph of his horse winning the race. Jessica's friend turns out to be Elphinstone, who, on meeting her unexpectedly, finds his old love quickened, and

* *King or Knave?* By the Author of "*Hilda and I*," "*Spiders and Flies*," &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1877.

shortly makes a visit to the neighbourhood, with a view to coming to an understanding with her. But a sudden money embarrassment of Mr. Forrester's, which leads to his abrupt levanting with his stepdaughter, makes Mr. Elphinstone's visit futile; and the bachelor goes back disgusted to town, while poor Jessica is hurried off to Paris, where in her loneliness she welcomes the appearance of Godfrey Duncombe, who has come over with Tyler to spend his Ascot winnings. Here, again, her pity and desire to rescue him from the toils of interested adventurers involve Jessica in the semblance of favour to his almost undisguised suit, though she still cherishes the constraining predilection for Elphinstone, which is, however, in sore risk of being unrequited through sinister rumours which reach him of her encouraging the attentions of Godfrey. At this point comes a telegram to Godfrey from England. Sir Ernest is dying, and after travelling night and day, Godfrey reaches Shirley station to be saluted by the butler as "Sir Godfrey." Not, however, in full possession. His father has left Lady Duncombe guardian till he is twenty-five, and sentenced Sir Godfrey to another year of minority. As to Beatrice, just then suffering from rheumatic fever at Heatherton Rectory, he leaves her a thousand pounds, and commands her, as Rhoda had done, to his surviving relatives. In her sickness her uncle offers her a home, and nearly at the same time the discovery of Godfrey's heartlessness and deceit about his money difficulties almost determines her to accept a proposal from one Captain Blackmore. On Godfrey's hearing of this, and finding from his mother that she is likely to inherit her uncle's property, a revulsion of feeling, and a hope, perhaps, of retrieving his fortunes prompt him to propose to Beatrice, who meets him with a tender but sisterly refusal. From this point dates the rapid down-coming of Sir Godfrey's fortunes. After some deeper play in town, and a wild-goose chase after Jessica, whose stepfather was dead, he returns to his "coming of age," when, with a fair prospect of attaining the dignity of M.P. and winning the hand of the daughter of a neighbouring peer, he is fain to recoup his forestalled fortunes by a desperate stroke. There is no Beatrice, no Jessica, near to advise. It is Major Tyler's hour. The young Baronet listens to the insidious suggestion of dishonest play. He goes to his club on a particular night for *écarte*, and, goaded by the reflection that it is neck or nothing, that Shirley must go if he does not win heavily that night, he resorts to the trick which he had often practised in fun with Tyler, but which until then his feelings of honour would have utterly repudiated. He stiles these, sets his life and credit on the rascally conjuring trick, and in his agitation turns up, not the king, but the knave.

Of course the result is social ruin, and Godfrey has to efface himself in the colonies. Meanwhile poetic justice, it seems, ordains that Elphinstone should win as a Whig the county which Godfrey was to have had as a Tory, and buy the estate of Shirley. Beatrice was in Switzerland when Godfrey left England, and knew nought of his ruin till her return, soon after which she was wooed and won by her constant admirer, Captain Blackmore. Jessica is still touring and sketching with an elderly friend, Miss Trevyllian; and Lady Duncombe has transferred herself and her jointure to the Governor of a certain island, Sir H. Puffin, K.C.B. The plot, it will be seen, thickens, and the marrying off of secondary characters presages the end; but the author piles up the honours which crowd upon Mr. Elphinstone unduly high when she makes him, after the marriage of his niece, become the friend of half-a-dozen Cabinet Ministers, and his house at Shirley the "rendezvous for a circle of political, literary, and fashionable people." The climax is when, two years after poor Sir Godfrey's coming of age in the home that knows him no more, Mr. Elphinstone entertains royalty, in the shape of a juvenile prince and his tutor, in its redecorated halls, and for this receives (a mark of favour somewhat out of proportion to the service) the distinction of a peerage, "no one indeed knowing why, unless for having more money and a worse temper than his neighbours." When Godfrey Duncombe, five years after leaving England so miserably, came back and called in Queen's Gate, the servant who received his inquiries for Mr. Elphinstone and Mrs. Blackmore made answer, "We are not Mr. Elphinstone now, sir; we was made Lord Shirley about two months ago. Mrs. Blackmore and the Colonel is in the South of France." We leave the reader to find out for himself how Elphinstone, before attaining his peerage, brought his love to a crisis with Jessica, and how Godfrey, his sins atoned by an act of heroism, came to owe the last tender offices to his only real love. The conclusion is touching, and not too far beyond the limits of probability.

One of the weaknesses of the plot is the author's unmerited favour to Mr. Elphinstone, who was really an unamiable and selfish prig, and from first to last attracts no one except his old friend's daughter. It is not necessary, because you depress a hero who has "gone to the bad," to set his very uninviting rival on a topmost pinnacle. There is, perhaps, too, some lack of art in prolonging the plot beyond Godfrey's collapse, though it is not easy to see how it could be avoided. Here, as in many other novels, the opening appears to us to have been happy and well conceived, and the building-up of the reader's interest both in Beatrice and Jessica is successfully maintained through the larger part of the first volume. Afterwards, without absolutely faltering, it gets too much dispersed; and it becomes no easy matter to recollect the whereabouts of the *dramatis personæ* at Nice, Genoa, the South of France, New Zealand, London, and Shirley. We can speak with less reserve of the author's general character-drawing. Mr. and Mrs. Colville, Mr. Forrester, and even

Major Tyler, are cleverly drawn in their respective ways; while Miss Trevyllian, with her strong High Church opinions, her rigid virtue and intolerance of Homes or Penitentiaries, and her real charity and goodness of heart at a pinch, makes an excellent subordinate character. "You shut up," she would say, "a tiger in a cage for two years, and expect it to come out a dove. Look after the parents; see how the girls are brought up. Look after your young servants; put down finery; discourage all the nonsense of the present day. Letters coming 'Miss this' and 'Miss that' to the scullery-maid! These are the 'beginnings' which fill penitentiaries, and end in the workhouse or the gallows." We also much like Mrs. Hartley's descriptions of nature in its changeable aspects. She begins with a very happy picture of the drenched vegetation of a midland county, succeeded by a hush and refreshing calm, on a July day. Such scenes, too, as Ascot, the private theatricals, and the coming of age, also show a facility of pictorial power, under reasonable command. In many respects, therefore, we think that the novel of *King or Knave?* may be pronounced an improvement on its predecessors. Not but that there are a few things yet to amend. We note not a few such slips as "petites soins," "coute qui coute" "combating with Beatrice's desire," and the like, which may or may not be printer's blunders. Jessica's habit of addressing her stepfather as "Padre," too, is a little fanciful, since neither he nor she appear to have any Spanish or Italian connexion. On the whole, however, *King or Knave?* is quite worth reading, and, in a sprightly undidactic way, enforces the wholesome moral that honesty is the best policy.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

SOME years ago, during the reign of Napoleon III., a pamphlet was published asking for Frenchmen "the same amount of freedom as was enjoyed in Austria." It certainly seemed surprising that Frenchmen should have to go to the banks of the Danube in search of liberty; now, however—what seems stranger still—we are asked to travel as far as the Volga if we wish to find the problem of "moral order" satisfactorily settled.* M. Legrelle does not care much about Parliamentary Liberalism, but he thinks that social progress is perfectly compatible with what he calls "the principle of authority," and he even goes so far as to accuse our modern Liberals of endangering civilization. These views will startle many persons on the other side of the Channel, now that they are put together in the shape of a volume, and they must have shocked originally all but the habitual and hardened readers of the *Journal de Paris* and the *Soleil*, where they were first published. Setting aside the author's political sympathies, we must acknowledge that he has produced an interesting volume, and given us much information about a country still very little known.

M. Louis Asseline, on the other hand, cannot be accused of the slightest leaning towards *le principe autoritaire*; in relating the history of the Austrian Empire from the death of Maria-Theresa to our own time†, the only fact he finds to praise is the end of the struggle against revolutionary France. M. Asseline's work, based on a careful study of men and events, is preceded by a geographical description of Austria and a brief summary of its modern annals. It is not difficult to show that an empire composed of such heterogeneous parts must seriously test the energy and tact of statesmen. They have to deal not only with the rival pretensions of various nationalities, but with the pressure exercised from without by foreign Powers anxious to take advantage of these rivalries; Pan Slavism on the one side, Pan Germanism on the other, are the two chief causes of Austria's anxiety. M. Asseline has set himself to unravel the tangle of which Czechs, Magyars, Roumanians, Poles, Ruthenians, Croats, and Saxons form the manifold elements; and the history of all these competing powers gives much variety to his volume. A good map and a bibliographical list have been added.

Captain Chevalier has taken as the subject of a bulky octavo the history of the French navy during the war of American Independence.‡ Few epochs have proved so glorious for that branch of the service, and few are so imperfectly known. It is generally supposed that the excessive caution of Louis XVI. and his Cabinet paralysed the admirals, and was injurious to the success of their operations. But Captain Chevalier maintains that if, towards the beginning of the war, the Court of Versailles was unnecessarily cautious, the battle of Ushant produced a complete change in the direction of affairs. By way of preface he gives a summary of the history of the French navy from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the present time. The work is well written, compiled from the best authorities, and interesting as treating of a subject which is not very familiar even to Frenchmen.

The third volume of General Ducrot's *Défense de Paris*§,

* *Le Volga: notes sur la Russie.* Par A. Legrelle. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Histoire de l'Autriche, depuis la mort de Marie-Thérèse jusqu'à nos jours.* Par L. Asseline. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Histoire de la marine française pendant la guerre de l'indépendance américaine.* Par E. Chevalier, capitaine de vaisseau. London and Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *La Défense de Paris.* Par le général Ducrot. Vol. 3. Paris: Dentu.

illustrated with twenty-eight coloured maps, is a valuable contribution to the history of the Franco-German War. It contains a narrative of the events which took place during the month of December, 1870—the attempt of the Paris troops to make a rally in the direction of Le Bourget, the engagement at La Ville-Evrard, and the bombardment of the eastern fortresses. General Ducrot's style will perhaps be found fault with as too abrupt. It is certainly the very opposite to M. Thiers's academic phrases; but we prefer it for the description of battles, and it is instructive to have the vicissitudes of war, the movements of contending armies, and the details of strategical operations explained by an expert. Besides the facts immediately connected with the siege, we have in this volume a number of documents bearing upon political matters, and the sittings of the Provisional Government are reproduced, generally without any commentary. "The more we proceed with the publication of these *comptes-rendus*, the more," says the author, "we see the irresolution, the weakness, and the blindness which could not but end with the catastrophe we dreaded so much—unconditional capitulation."

Count G. de Serre has completed, by two more volumes, the publication of his father's most interesting correspondence.* After the dissolution of the Duke de Richelieu's Cabinet, the great orator and statesman who had held the office of Keeper of the Seals was appointed Ambassador at Naples, and endeavoured to forget the excitement of Parliamentary life amongst the museums and picture-galleries of Italy. Politics formed, of course, the staple of the four previous volumes; here, on the other hand, the letters are of a more private character, with the exception perhaps of those written by M. de Chateaubriand, which contain interesting particulars about the Spanish campaign. Amongst Count de Serre's best-known correspondents we find the historian Niebuhr, who had become one of his most intimate friends, and who always spoke of him in terms of the greatest admiration. Some of our readers may remember that several years ago an English translation of Niebuhr's letters was published in London; it contains only part of those addressed to Count de Serre, and even they are given in a mutilated form. The volumes before us give the whole correspondence; and the editor has enriched his collection by a number of supplementary despatches and explanatory documents; we notice, in particular, two letters from the Count de Chambord, one from M. Berryer, and a fourth written by M. de Montalembert.

M. Vapereau's dictionary of literature is now complete †, and notwithstanding many unavoidable errors, it will be found an invaluable companion for students. It combines the advantages of a biographical lexicon with those of a treatise on *belles-lettres*, and embodies the results of the latest researches on philological, historical, and æsthetic questions. To a certain extent, no doubt, this new volume reproduces particulars already contained in M. Bouillet's *Dictionnaire d'histoire* and in M. Vapereau's own *Dictionnaire des contemporains*; but the additional matter here published for the first time constitutes more than half the work; and, moreover, the biographical articles have been carefully revised, corrected, and completed whenever necessary.

The "man of former times" whose biography is now introduced to our notice ‡ will be remembered by all who have read the correspondence of Count Joseph de Maistre. A Savoyard by birth, M. Costa de Beauregard lived long enough to see the last years of the Monarchy, the Revolution, and the early promise of General Bonaparte. The opening chapters of the volume introduce us to Paris society at the time when it was perhaps the most brilliant; and it is amusing to accompany our hero to Mme. Geoffrin's salon, where Marmontel, Rochefoucauld, Greuze, Diderot, Cochin, and many others, discourse literature, art, and philosophy. Sent off to Paris for the purpose of finishing his education by mixing with all the choice spirits of the day, young Costa writes home brilliant descriptions of the sights he has seen and the company to which he has been introduced. Marmontel is in distress because his *Belisarius* is condemned by the Government censors; Voltaire abuses Fréron; Mme. Geoffrin reads to her guests the letters she receives from her friend Stanislaus-Augustus Poniatowski, King of Poland; Greuze makes himself disagreeable by his suspicious manners and his avarice. The variety of scenes described in this pleasant volume of memoirs, the historical personages crowded together on the canvas, and the account of the noble but fruitless struggle of Savoy against the French Republic, give to the whole work a dramatic interest which derives additional charm from the character of the Marquis himself—a character in which high principle, genuine wit, and patriotism are happily blended together.

M. Tissot, whose *Voyage au pays des milliards* and other anti-Prussian works have already been noticed in our columns, now publishes, as he says, the *pièce justificative* of his own remarks, in the shape of a translation of Dr. Johannes Scherr's volume on Germany.§ A Republican in 1848, and now an ardent admirer of the German Empire, Dr. Scherr is one of the most popular writers of the day; he has often been compared to M. Michelet, and he may be regarded as the best representative of

those free-thinkers who on the further bank of the Rhine temper their rationalism by a considerable amount of what we should call national prejudice. The thick and closely-printed duodecimo before us treats of German society, politics, art, and literature from the earliest times. It is not characterized by much originality, but it abounds in details of a piquant, and sometimes of a rather questionable, nature.

We mentioned just now the name of M. Michelet. A reprint of two of his most popular works has recently been issued. The campaign carried on at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France against clericalism forms, as our readers know, one of the chief episodes in M. Michelet's life. It was the result of a radical change in his political sympathies, and it produced three very remarkable volumes. The lectures on the Jesuits came first, followed by the essay entitled *Du prêtre, de la femme, de la famille*, and two years later on by *Le peuple*.* It is undeniable that the transformation of academic teaching into political declamation is a great mistake, and we are glad to know that this opinion is shared by many of the most eminent professors of the French University on the Liberal side. We do not wonder accordingly that M. Michelet's lectures of 1847 should have been suspended. At the same time, both *Le peuple* and *L'étudiant*† contain some of the author's most eloquent pages.

The new volume of M. de Quatrefages ‡ is an important contribution to the literature of natural history. The claims of scientific investigation have never been more strongly put forward, nor the limits of legitimate speculation more clearly defined. Study, observe, examine, he says, but, in the face of questions which cannot be solved, acknowledge your ignorance; the true philosopher should know when to withhold his affirmations. The first point discussed by M. de Quatrefages is the place of man in the scale of creation; and here he argues for the unity of the human species, and sets himself to refute transformist doctrines. Whilst declaring that the problem of man's origin is insoluble, he contends that with reference to the antiquity of our race the case is quite different, geology and anthropology having succeeded in obtaining positive results. Polygenists make a great deal of the obstacles which migrations must unavoidably meet with; M. de Quatrefages meets their argument by quoting comparatively recent instances of large displacements of population. The concluding part of the volume is devoted to an examination of the facts peculiar to man; that is to say, language, and moral and religious phenomena. M. de Quatrefages is not one of those champions of spiritual philosophy who only injure their own cause by their ignorance and ill-judged anxiety. He appeals to facts which he has taken great pains to collect and to analyse; and, whilst opposing the theories of the materialist school, he has set to those who share his opinions an example of temperate discussion and accurate research which they would do well to copy.

Dr. Fournié is well known by several important works on the education of the deaf and dumb; the question of language has thus naturally engaged his attention, and now from physiological details he finds himself led to discuss problems of psychology.§ Dr. Fournié's devotion to the experimental method of inquiry does not lead him to make shipwreck on the shoals of materialism, and he belongs to the same class of philosophers as M. de Quatrefages. This fact gives additional interest to the able volume he has just published, and at the present time the fact that a medical man exists who believes in psychology is rather startling. Dr. Fournié begins with a vocabulary of the scientific terms he uses, observing that accurate definitions are of the utmost importance in treatises on philosophy, and he aims at reducing every psychological expression to a corresponding physiological equivalent. He then contends that the study of the body, and that of the immaterial principle which actuates it, are independent branches of research; the examination of the various manifestations of mind—intellect, memory, language, thought, imagination, &c.—comes next; and the volume concludes with an inquiry into the nature and constitution of the mind itself. His style is remarkably clear, and he has applied to the difficult but attractive study of psychology that admirable method which empiricism alone supplies.

The necessity of revising and reforming the vocabulary of scientific terms is pointed out also by M. Francisque Bouillier in his interesting little volume.|| *Sens, sensation, sentir, sensibilité*, are words which the French philosophers of the eighteenth century understood otherwise than we do now, and evidently no inquiry into the causes and results of pleasure and pain can be satisfactorily conducted if we are not first perfectly agreed as to the meaning of these terms. Of the book itself we need only say here that it is the second and much improved edition of a work first published about ten years ago, the leading idea of which is that pain and pleasure account for all the phenomena affecting our nature.

The work of popularizing science has still considerable attractions for many writers, and if we may judge by the supply, the demand for books of this kind is steadily increasing. M. Onésime Reclus publishes, under the title of *La terre à vol d'oiseau*¶, a geographical handbook, profusely illustrated, founded on the best authorities.

* *Correspondance du comte de Serre*. Annotée et publiée par son fils. Vols. 5, 6. Paris: Vaton.

† *Dictionnaire universel des littératures*. Par G. Vapereau. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Un homme d'autrefois: souvenirs recueillis par son arrière-petit-fils, le marquis Costa de Beauregard*. Paris: Plon.

§ *La société et les mœurs allemandes*. Traduit par Victor Tissot. Paris: Dentu.

* *Le peuple*. Par J. Michelet. Paris: Lévy.

† *L'étudiant*. Par J. Michelet. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *L'espèce humaine*. Par A. de Quatrefages. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

§ *Essai de psychologie*. Par le docteur Fournié. Paris: Didier.

|| *Du plaisir et de la douleur*. Par M. Francisque Bouillier. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

¶ *La terre à vol d'oiseau*. Par Onésime Reclus. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

M. de la Blanchère deals with the insects which lay waste our orchards, our gardens, and our vineyards*, and his useful little volume is addressed to gardeners and agriculturists, who, as a rule, know nothing of scientific classification, and care very little to be told whether this or that entomological pest belongs to the tribe of coleoptera, lepidoptera, or aptera. Describe it in plain every-day language, then tell us whether it attacks the leaves or the flowers, the root or the branches—that is quite enough; above all, ask a clever artist to portray it in a neat woodcut. Thus it is that M. de la Blanchère has proceeded, and his new work will no doubt obtain the same success as his book on the *Ravageurs des forêts*: it certainly deserves it.

We have often noticed M. Camille Flammarion's astronomical treatises; they are very valuable, but beyond the capacity of beginners; it was, therefore, an excellent idea which suggested itself to M. Delon when he undertook to condense into a portable and elementary shape the mass of information to be found in M. Flammarion's most important publications.† The twenty chapters or lectures which make up the present little book on descriptive astronomy have thoroughly attained their object; they are well illustrated, and deal with astronomical facts which all readers ought to know.

M. Grimard takes us to the *Jardin d'acclimatation*.‡ As he says in his preface, he asks us to accompany him on a journey round the world; for, without wandering beyond the limits of the Bois de Boulogne, we can study the most useful species of animals which every climate produces. This volume, written in a familiar style, is intended for children, and cannot fail to please them by the number of anecdotes with which it abounds.

We are indebted to the same author for a useful botanical handbook, which will be acceptable to students in herborizing excursions. It is a descriptive catalogue of the various families of plants, followed by a complete list of vegetable substances, an index of writers on botany, and an alphabetical table.

The amusing narrative of M. Maxime du Camp's voyage to Egypt|| is not a new work, but was first published about twenty years ago. It is a combination of historical sketches, studies of scenery, and pictures of social life on the banks of the Nile.

The progress of modern civilization has given to gastronomy a place amongst scientific pursuits; and therefore we may here mention M. Monselet's *Lettres gourmandes*¶, where menus of the most varied character are served up between anecdotes, accompanied by an *entremets* of sonnets and a *relevé* of culinary jokes. The only chapter we feel inclined to suppress is the last, containing the painfully stale anecdote about the discussion in the Roman Senate on the cooking of a turbot.

The novels of the last few weeks are of average merit. M. Billaudel takes a rather odd idea as the groundwork of his book, and the first ten pages are of a questionable nature; otherwise *Les scrupules de Christine*** might be recommended to all readers. Mme. Manvil de Grandfort does not write, like Mme. Julie Fertiault†† and M. Alfred Séguin‡‡, for the express purpose of pointing a moral; but her novelettes are very pleasant reading §§, and introduce us to personages in whose company we need not be ashamed of being found.

One of the most striking features of the present time is the mania for descriptions of Russian society. M. Ivan Tourguéneff, whose novels have set the fashion in Western Europe, and who now comes before the public with a tale of the most stirring and sensational character ||||, introduced to French readers the author—or rather authoress—known by the name of Henri Gréville. It was some time before the pages of reviews or the columns of *feuilletons* would condescend to admit the compositions of Mme. Gréville; but the spell was broken by the publication of the powerful *Expiation de Savelli* ¶¶, and now the newspaper *Le Temps* welcomes every tale which M. Tourguéneff's friend chooses to write. Popularity is a dangerous thing, and we cannot help fearing that it may spoil in this case, as it has done in many others, a writer of unquestionable talent.*** Mlle. Augusta Coupey, like the two authors we have just named, deals with Russian life†††; her novel, of a semi-historical kind, is intended to describe the aristocracy, and one of the episodes it contains is so strangely similar to the plot of the *Danischeffs*, that Mlle. Coupey has thought it necessary to prove the priority of her own work.

The interesting account of the lawsuit about Count Monta-

* *Les ravageurs des vergers et de la vigne*. Par H. de la Blanchère. Paris: Rothschild.

† *Petite astronomie descriptive*. Par C. Flammarion, adaptée par C. Delon. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Le Jardin d'acclimatation*. Par Ed. Grimard. Paris: Hetzel.

§ *La botanique à la campagne*. Par Ed. Grimard. Paris: Hetzel.

|| *Le Nil: Egypte et Nubie*. Par Maxime du Camp. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

¶ *Lettres gourmandes*. Par Ch. Monselet. Paris: Dentu.

** *Les scrupules de Christine*. Par Ernest Billaudel. Paris: Charpentier.

†† *Le bonheur au foyer*. Par Mme. Fertiault. Paris: Didier.

‡‡ *Le talisman de Marguerite*. Par Alfred Séguin. Paris: Didier.

§§ *Le mari de Lucie*. Par Mme. Manvil de Grandfort. Paris: Lévy.

||| *Les terres vierges*. Par Ivan Tourguéneff. Paris: Hetzel.

¶¶ *L'expiation de Savelli*. Par Henri Gréville. Paris: Plon.

*** *A travers champs—Les Koumissine—La princesse Oghéref*. Par Henri Gréville. Paris: Plon.

††† *Le serf de la princesse Latone*. Par Augusta Coupey. Paris: Didier.

lembert's posthumous pamphlet is conducted in the May number of the *Bibliothèque universelle**, which gives us likewise a further instalment of the biography of Juste Olivier, Sainte-Beuve's Swiss friend. This latter paper is full of singularly valuable details on the Romantic phase of contemporary French literature.

* *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue Suisse*. Mai 1877. Lausanne: Bridel.

In our article of last week on "The Grand Rope of the Cataract," a work entitled "A Thousand Miles up the Nile" was inadvertently attributed to Miss BETHAM EDWARDS. It is by Miss AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS, the Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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